

THE LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning
Vol. CCXXVI.

CONTENTS

I. Old and New Japan. I. <i>By André Bellesort.</i>	REVUE DES DEUX MONDES	337
Translated for The Living Age.		
II. Another Man's Bag: The Narrative of ex-Professor Crossley. Chapter I. <i>By W. E. Cule</i>	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	347
III. A Broken Song. <i>By Moira O'Neill</i>		351
IV. The Staging of Shakespeare. <i>By H. Beerbohm Tree</i>	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	352
V. Lyon Playfair. <i>By W. S.</i>	LEISURE HOUR	363
VI. Jasper Townshend's Picaninny: A Detail of Australian Conquest. <i>By Herbert C. Macilhoaine</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	369
VII. Work and Rest are Both Builders. <i>By Frederick Langbridge</i>		379
VIII. Behind the Purdah. <i>By Cornelia Sorabji</i>	MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE	380
IX. The Sirens. <i>By Walter Hogg</i>	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	387
X. A Hill-Top Funeral	TEMPLE BAR	388
XI. Asiatic Courage	SPECTATOR	392
XII. Sonnet. <i>By C. E. Mectkerke</i>	ARGOSY	394
XIII. A Novelist of the Unknown	ACADEMY	395
XIV. The Chinese Government. I.	SATURDAY REVIEW	398

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OLD AND NEW JAPAN.*

On the 10th of April, 1898, Tokio celebrated the anniversary of its elevation to the rank of a capital. Thirty years had elapsed since the Emperor, under persuasion of his Ministers, but amid tears of his subjects, had quitted his ancient residence at Kioto, and after a provisional sojourn at Osaka, which by no means answered the expectations of his advisers, had installed himself definitely in the city of the vanquished shoguns. Yeddo, as it had been called aforetime;—the haughty city where, for two centuries and a half, the Japanese mayors of the palace had respectfully dictated their inflexible orders to the fallen but still venerated monarch, then assumed the name of Tokio, and became the Saint Petersburg of Japan; while Kioto, dismantled and disaffected, but enchanting still, amid its garland of gardens, forests, hills and Buddhist temples, relapsed into the silence of a lethargic city; and, of all the wonders of the past, retained only the polish of beautiful manners, the love of loving and the joy of dancing, empty palaces, deities embowered in foliage, and that fragrance of departed souls which always lingers about deserted sanctuaries.

It had been resolved to commemorate by famous doings the thirtieth anniver-

sary of the new era. A committee was organized, with the approbation of the Court; the Emperor and Empress consented to show themselves, and for a full fortnight the city in all its quarters had been busy as a bee-hive. The Japanese, great lovers of masques and merry-makings, excel in the organization of those high festivals which, at one time, afforded the only opportunity for a display of their talent. But this was an occasion not merely to gratify their love of pleasure, but keenly to stimulate their national pride. The journals and reviews prepared extra numbers, in which politicians, economists, writers and teachers undertook to strike the balance of the last thirty years. The Japanese people paused for a moment in its onward course, and turned back to measure the distance already traversed. And by way of emphasizing as strongly as possible the incredible advance which the nation had made—or the appalling distance which it had drifted!—it was resolved to represent in the streets of the city one of those long processions of chariots and horsemen, wherein the daimios of the olden time used to make public display of their extravagant pomp.

This resurrection of the past created an immense sensation among the

*Translated for The Living Age.

masses in Japan. The geishas had their hair cut in order to assume the beautiful old-fashioned head-dress of their class, and their lovers presented them with purple robes, which they tried on for the first time, under the awnings in the narrow streets where they abide. During the week which preceded the *fête*—when it rained in torrents most of the time—old Japan picked its way singly, or in groups, about the marsh into which the city had been transformed. And since it was impossible to reconstruct recent history, without introducing the European element, there trotted along beside fantastic warriors with iron fans, little fellows in white breeches and red jackets, who had borrowed from us this groom's costume as appropriate to the guild of tailors!

The great day of all began with rain, but about eight o'clock the sun blazed forth in an orange-colored sky. At the base of the invisible palace of the emperors, a temporary erection covered with thatch, adorned with verdant boughs and flanked by two long galleries, arose with a sort of rustic, old-fashioned elegance. Two arm-chairs covered with white velvet were set before a screen of gold lacquer, for the accommodation of the Emperor and Empress. Facing them were the school-children in a compact mass, protected by awnings, and the populace of Tokio filled all the vast remaining space of the ancient Court of the Shoguns. At 10 o'clock the cannon boomed, and, preceded by an escort of horsemen waving the Japanese flag, the carriages of the Emperor and Empress and their chamberlains emerged from the mysterious park that surrounds the palace, and drew up before the thatched pavilion. The sovereigns mounted its steps in silence, he wearing a general's uniform, and she a robe of dull rose-color shot with gold, and feathers in her hair. The Empress has aged, but

if time has faded her complexion and slightly sharpened the features once so charmingly indefinite, she has kept her delicate grace, and her oblique eyes wear a look of soft and sweet astonishment, which contrasts curiously with the almost rigid gravity of her bearing. Standing upright before their arm-chairs, the Emperor, and the Empress, whose topmost plume barely came up to his shoulder, listened to the panegyrics read them by the Governor of Tokio, and the President of the Committee, made their acknowledgments by three slight inclinations of the head and bust, and then returned to their carriages. The Empress, who seemed rather incommoded by her magnificent robe, came down more slowly than her husband, and her slender person vibrated slightly with every step she took.

The august equipage disappeared amid the cheers of the school-children;—happy children, whose parents had never known the delight of giving noisy utterance to their love for their sovereign! They had fallen flat on their faces at the passage of a mere daimio, or turned away as though unworthy to look him in the face. It was only after the Chinese war that the monarch heard for the first time his subjects clap their hands. But he who applauds also passes judgment, and if he does not take to hissing some fine day, he will, at least know how to make his silence eloquent. The young men who were encouraged by their leaders to lavish such marks of favor on the Grandson of the Sun, can hardly have realized that they thus set the seal on the most antecedently improbable victory ever won by any Asiatic nation over its absolutist rulers. "Do not cheer me, young people," the Emperor might have said, "for 'tis my divinity that is crumbling to the accompaniment of your applause!"

When the sovereigns had once more

vanished into their impenetrable isolation, the real *fête* began, and we beheld approaching that famous reproduction of a daimio's escort, which we had all been so impatient to see. I do not suppose there was ever before so fantastic a public parade. First came heralds who advanced with slow, supple, measured strides, archers with their bows resting on their shoulders, and infantry with their guns wrapped up in scarlet cloth followed slowly, executing as they passed a singular sort of ballet. They kicked up one foot, until it touched the middle of the back, and flung out the opposite arm, brandishing their weapons with gestures like those of swimmers. The halberdiers were equally frisky; only they flung into the air and dexterously caught again their long halberds, bristling with tufts of horse-hair. The cooks, the quartermaster-sergeants, the clerks and the porters—all the long procession of army servants—swayed regularly from side to side as they walked. The officer who carried the Prince's umbrella, used it and his own tall cane like a drum-major, and he who bore the royal shade-hat performed at intervals a solemn caper. Men carrying big boxes danced under their carefully balanced burdens and the enormous coffers covered with black and adorned with armorial bearings in white, which were hung along a flexible bamboo pole, rolled like boats in obedience to a definite rhythm. Amid these mechanically moving figures, graver even than they and progressing at a funereal pace, advanced the samurai, wearing a particularly awkward kind of surplice with stiffened sleeves and fastening at the shoulder, and having their hair all drawn up into one little knot on the top of an otherwise shaven poll. They wore two sabres in the belt, and escorted the closed litter of the daimio—an empty litter, by the way, for the managers of the show had not ventured to

introduce any vulgar representative. The vehicle was all the more impressive for that reason, followed as it was by a splendidly caparisoned horse, which a groom led by the bridle. Imagination supplied the figure of a rigid and speechless prince with glassy eyes, imprisoned in the awe which he inspired, venerable by all that his priestly attitude suggested of long tradition and immemorial constraint.

Assuredly the cortège had its comic side; those imperturbable mountebanks reminded the spectator irresistibly of certain sections in the parade of a travelling circus. Still, I could not forget that less than thirty years had elapsed since the last of those lordly processions had come dancing into a Japanese city. What was to-day only a masquerade had then represented an indisputable authority. Every forehead bowed before it, and Japan gloried in offering to its princes this fantastic sort of homage.

In the private gallery whence we thus beheld the passage of history, there was an old daimio in a frock coat, named Nabeshina, who wagged his head and murmured: "Yes, that's the way in which I used to travel!" And a nephew of the last of the shoguns, a plump, affable little man, much less like a shogun than a notary, remarked: "I used to see my father going about in just such a vehicle when I was ten or twelve years old."

There was also among the illustrious Japanese by whom we were surrounded, a naval officer of timid aspect, whose fat, good-natured face flushed every time he spoke, and who contemplated the spectacle with evident curiosity. He was a brother of the Empress—an Ichijo—but he had no suite or attendants of any kind, and nobody took any notice of his presence. There were other princes and heirs of princes mingling freely with the diplomatic world, and creating no more sensation

than the most obscure of the invited guests. The light which for ages had bathed them in a sort of supernatural radiance had been withdrawn from their phantasmal persons. Plunged from the topmost heights of feudality to the rank of officials in a modern state, their position as bureaucratic underlings or government employes constituted their sole claims to distinction. The rosette of the Rising Sun in their buttonholes marked them as capable servants; and these men, already broken into our usages, and mixed up with the mass of common humanity, looked on laughingly at the burlesque reproduction of their ancient pomp.

The procession halted. After old feudal Japan came old feminine Japan. The Japan of florid dances and harmonious attitudes appeared to spring anew from the soil. It was really a wonderful vision—a bit of fairyland seen in broad sunshine, surrounded by a sombre multitude. The best *danseuses* of Tokio, clad in robes of every soft yet vivid hue imaginable—the long lines of their costume barred by broad sashes or obi—in white, purple or gold, waved their fans like so many butterflies, fluttered their broad, rainbow-hued sleeves and twirled the gilded frames of their parasols, of which the radiating sticks all bound with flowers and ribbon, ran like wheels through a blossoming meadow. This parti-colored elegance, this beautiful harmony of gesture, the thin music which trembled through space like the resonance of a single wire, the virginal modesty of the poses taken under those dazzling vells, the very childishness of their grace, revealed in the people, whose dreams of beauty had taken this visible form, a singular simplicity in alliance with a most delicate fancy. For hundreds of years the self-same dances had delighted Japanese eyes; their image remained engraven upon every soul, gentle or simple, cultured

or untaught, humane or bloodthirsty, like the gardens of seaweed and coral which blossom alike under glassy and agitated seas. They were no mere pastime of a pleasure-loving society. I saw in them the poetry of a race, the living expression of an art at once popular and subtle. Of the thousands of spectators, whose eyes were fastened upon their slow evolution, there was, perhaps, not one that did not keenly appreciate their rhythmic refinement. Peasants, artisans, merchants, officers, students, soldiers, nobles and princes, all the immense concourse experienced the same emotion, took the same delight in the time-honored caprices wherein the genius of their ancestors had found expression.

It was a most attractive crowd. I watched them curiously as the trade-guilds, mythological cars and the military cavalcades defiled along. All the big chariots and legendary tableaux were hugely admired, for there the populace beheld those heroes and fables with which the theatre and the professional story-teller had made them familiar from their infancy. They quite understood the monstrosities and the splendid extravagances of the show. What they did not understand—though it was a picture out of so recent a past—was a nobleman surrounding himself with such pomp whenever he went abroad, the order to fall flat before his footsteps loudly proclaimed in his van by outriders and lackeys, the terrible respect exacted by the samurai, the hereditary veneration which lifted the daimio above the level of humanity. Among the aged spectators there were some, indeed, who threw up their heads and said, as proudly as though they had been testifying to a miracle, "I've seen that myself!" Others appeared staggered as by the sudden revival of an image long effaced; and others again retired into their recollections and al-

lowed nothing to escape of the confused memories which agitated their souls. The more ingenuous youth stared, laughed and jeered. "What fools there must have been in those days!" At the passage of a herald, commanding bows to the ground according to the ancient formula, I heard one voice exclaim: "Shut up, you old idiot! We don't do that sort of thing nowadays." The display of the princely cortège was less offensive to them than the notion of obeying a prince. Across the archaic forms, whose buffoonery was far less shocking to them than to us, the people mocked at the loyalty they had outgrown and the ancient principle of authority.

What more striking illustration could have been offered of a complete rupture with the past? For myself, I turned back towards that past so little known, so difficult to know, of which the long shadow overlay and submerged the significance of all that I beheld. I have always felt the inconvenience in remote and rather baffling countries of not knowing the background of their history—that which enfolds the secret of their present conditions. In Japan I longed to take my seat on the school-benches and learn beside the little Japs that history with which the teachers themselves are, as yet, but imperfectly acquainted—but so that at least I might have impressed upon my own mind the image, whether real or illusory, which is present in theirs. For after perusing their chronicles, talking with their pundits, going all through their ancient provinces, I have come to the conclusion that nobody, whether European or Japanese, can now form a clear idea of the country's past. The former does not know how to coöperate the archives; the latter is wholly without critical sense, and has not our love of truth. We are reduced to chronologies, anecdotes, intuitions and hypotheses. Did you ever see a mountain

landscape on a foggy morning? I find that I can distinguish only the highest peaks of Japanese history, and I am not quite sure that I am not misled by the light which illumines these. Nevertheless, I have continually to refer to them in order to ascertain my bearings in the present.

What I see is a people of keen but rather short-lived energy, which develops only under impulses received from without, whose very originality reveals itself chiefly in imitation, whose genius appears to me complicated, rather than complex. It is the most singular mixture of crude ideas and abnormal sentiments. I suspect the simplicity and hesitate amid the confusion. Up to the seventeenth century I grope amid legends, with no sure lights except those of custom and tradition. From the moment the European sets foot in Japan, I trudge along more confidently by the light of his lantern till I come to the great blaze of the Restoration. There I still hesitate a little before novelties which seem to me, after all, to be only logical metamorphoses. But I would fain fortify myself against my own timidity; and since I am neither an historian nor a philosopher, I shall make a bold attempt to treat the history of Japan philosophically. It is a traveller's privilege.

The origin of the Japanese is mysterious, and mysterious their language. The difficulty they themselves experience about identifying their ancestors was what long persuaded them that their origin was divine. They are not quite yet convinced of the contrary, and the manuals of history put into the hands of school-children still postulate the fact that the Goddess of the Sun was the first Empress of Japan. Their language naturally seems to them the finest in the world because they know no other. It was formerly supposed

among them to be the only form of articulate speech, whence its name—*Kotodama*, the miraculous language. Modern science has not decided whether they came from Mongolia by Corea or from the Malay Archipelago by way of Formosa. One ingenious hypothesis attributes to these adorers of the *Kami* the doubtful paternity of Ham the son of Noah. Astonishing traces of the Mosaic law are certainly to be found in their most ancient customs. The Basques enumerate with stupefaction sixty Japanese words, which are perfectly intelligible to them, for the reason that they heard them spoken above the cradle of their own race in the Ural Mountains—all of which the philologists say amounts to less than nothing. Crypts are occasionally opened at Tokio containing Malayan arms, tools and vases. The symbols of Shintoism are also to be found in Corea. The very inquisitive persist in asking what manner of pilgrims they can have been who dropped the skulls which are to be found on some of the hills of the great Nippon range. It really matters very little. Enough for us to know that there were invasions of the Japanese archipelago some centuries before the commencement of our era, by tribes both of Huns and Malays; and that gradually they dispossessed the kind of hairy Esquimaux, the Ainos, who themselves probably had first exterminated the cave-dwelling aborigines.

In the fabulous world of volcanic Japan memories of conquest are mixed up with memories of eruption, each enhancing the horror of the other; and the plumes worn by its heroes resemble those which issue from the craters of its burning mountains. It is all but the vast shadow cast by a primitive kind of feudal order, slowly organized and then slowly decimated by a few of its more able members, up to the point when an imperial authority is fully

recognized. When, between the fourth and sixth centuries of the Christian era, Chinese civilization overflowed into the archipelago, it found a regular society, a sovereign of uncontested divinity, and gods of the soil, who were in fact identical with the land itself and its progeny, at once graceful and terrible. The influence of a temperate climate and harmonious horizons was already beginning to cover the stern virtues of the warrior with the first dawn of courtesy. A certain inborn simplicity, whereof the love and pride of arms have never quite despoiled these islanders, waited only the blowing of a warmer wind to ripen into social grace.

But, left to themselves and their own intellectual devices, they display a thinness of thought and a poverty of invention from which one would hardly augur positive greatness. There was nothing in the miserable condition of the Ainos calculated to enrich the imagination of their victors. Those whom they slew were poorer than themselves. In the fourth century A.D., they were still ignorant of writing. But this was probably the epoch at which their prosody became fixed;—a prosody without accent, quantity or rhyme, consisting of alternate verses of five and seven feet. At once embryonic and definitive this poetry is the sole original art to which they can lay claim.

The national vanity of the Japanese is wounded by these modest beginnings so inconsistent with their boast of a divine descent. They have tried to turn them to their own advantage, and one of the most ardent defenders of Shintoism, Hirata, who wrote near the beginning of the nineteenth century, has undertaken to show that their lagging civilization is in itself a proof of superiority; like the late development of certain great minds. M. Diafolrus adopts the same view. But that philosopher would have been better inspired

If he had gone back to the time when religious, literary, artistic and industrial China invaded Japan and respectfully considered the remarkable springs then so unexpectedly set in motion. What is truly marvellous is, not that a comparatively rude country should have submitted to the domination of an empire whose arts and philosophy still flourish bravely, after the lapse of so many more ages; but that having accepted it, almost slavishly, the native genius of the conquered land should have been able still to assert itself, and even to leave an ineffaceable imprint on the foreign civilization to which it ought, by rights, to have succumbed.

From the very first glimpse we get of the Japanese people, as incapable of originating anything new, as they are skilful in embroidery on the canvas of others, and very inferior to the great Asiatic nations who have realized in durable forms their most essential ideas, we find in them a social quality which appears incompatible with their high temper, and an intellectual subtlety truly astonishing in a race just issuing from the darkness of barbarism. It seems to be in some sort the effect of that beautiful nature which isolates them from the rest of the world, and, at the same time, feeds their souls. Their sufferings from the earthquakes, which are steadily diminishing in severity, have left them an inheritance of mild melancholy. Their scenery has a soothing effect on all who contemplate it. If the multitude of mountains and streams favors the growth of small, separate communities, the unflinching elegance of the widely diversified landscape develops among the people an identical sense of harmony and opens their minds to the same order of beauty. I will even go so far as to say that the history of the Japanese is but a surface reflection of subterranean struggle. They, too, have had their outbreaks and convulsions,

their tidal waves, which have flung alien ideas far inland over their old trodden routes, like the ships which are stranded by inundations high up among the fields. And yet the final result of all these frightful shocks has been less one of grandeur than of singularity and grace.

The civilization of China distributed Japan into classes and categories. China set up her bureaucracy there, created ministers, arranged long graduated scales of titles and emoluments. Her fundamentally democratic spirit made no sensible encroachment on the aristocratic feudality of the Japanese. If she separated the civic from the military power, it was to the advantage of the latter. The influence of that most pacific of all empires, where the soldier is relegated to the lowest social rank, determined and sanctioned in an adjoining country the supremacy of the warlike caste; insomuch that while in China the merchants were on the top of the heap, Japan—a mere colony and province of Chinese thought—delighted in degrading them. Finally Buddhism, when transplanted to the archipelago, soon lost its character of transcendental idealism, even to the point of arming its monks and fortifying its monasteries.

Yet, in the very heart of that society of which the insular vigor so adapted and transmuted every exotic doctrine, the imperial court gave the culture of China a more passive reception. As the worn-out heirs of ancestors who had all but consummated that marvellous work of original centralization, which had given them an immortal name, the mikados, availing themselves of the new division of power, surrendered that sword of which the sheath was fastened by strings only to generals who were designated, by way of distinguishing them from the barbarians, the shoguns; and contented themselves

with the exercise of a spiritual authority much easier to wield. Theoretically they remained absolute masters of the land and its inhabitants. But habits of luxury, love of art and their acceptance of the Buddhist religion, combined to enervate them. Men beheld the divine descendants of the Sun burning incense on the altars of the atheistic Cakya-Mouni; or else, moved by the vague intoxication of Hindoo mysticism, quitting the palace for the cloister to forget among the lotus-flowers both the glories of their celestial ancestors and their own divinity.

This was the moment at which Japan, newly opened to the light of China, but still bearing the impress of her own primitive rusticity, fixed forever in the memory of mankind what will probably remain the most exquisite image of her own genius. Woman, clad by some of the elder traditions in victorious armor, and never excluded from the throne by any Salic law, found at its foot a demi-royalty more adapted to her humor than that of nominal sovereign. Woman shares with the Buddhist priest the honor of having provided Japan with a literature. While the pundit and the courtier were clothing their thought in Chinese forms, and bowing under the tyrannous yoke of that Asiatic Latin, she remained the depository of the national idiom, refining, subtilizing, enriching and transmitting as it had been the very life of the race. If the Chinese code affected the old Japanese customs, by infusing instincts of cruelty not previously present there, Buddhism, on the other hand, shed over the hearts of all its breath of universal pity. To quote but a single example: Toward the end of the tenth century the blind became the objects of very special solicitude. They were educated, and installed on the hills of Kioto in a richly endowed convent overlooking Lake

Biwa. Before their sightless eyes was unrolled one of the loveliest and most radiant of earthly landscapes, in the hope that its beauty and radiance might steal into their souls, like perfumes in the night. They were even entrusted with the government of certain provinces, and history does not say that these provinces were the worse ruled.

It is in the old tales and romances that a description must be sought of the court life, its festivals, its amorous adventures and innocent intrigues. It was a dainty society, detaching itself more and more each day from the sombre mass of the people; an Arcady of graceful gestures, artless amusements, astonishing fancies and magnificent clothes. The freedom of its manners borrowed from nature, of which it was the spontaneous expression, a world of unconscious grace. A line was drawn once for all in the Japanese mind between the needs of natural and of social life. The former cannot be refined. Its lodging will remain a primitive hut, enlarged, indeed, as occasion may require and constructed of the kind of wood which experience has shown to be the best. Its bed will be a soldier's pallet; its nourishment, consisting of fish often eaten raw, salted vegetables and rice boiled in water, is not in the least savory or suggestive of a cultivated palate. Sexual pleasure courts no concealment and feels no shame; and if it is true that the gods who made Japan in the first instance sprang from a pair of birds, their gambols are marked by a frank immodesty which never shrinks from light and air. The nudity which art has never idealized is not indecent, a convenience for the exigencies of life and labor, it is offered to the eye without malice and without shame.

But upon this basis of an almost infantile naturalism, an ideal is super-

imposed which carries to an almost insane excess the taste for what is rare and artificial. Punctilious in their ceremonial, carried away by weird images and fantastic rites, the Japanese proceeded to evolve a complicated etiquette, a code of politeness, whose forms develop independently of the ideas that they invest. It really seems as though the sole result here of Buddhism—that stupendous effort of a people to escape from the bounds of its own nature—had been the regulation of attitudes and the transformation of a code of mundane morals into a learned and pompous liturgy.

But it had a deeper influence, and in that fanciful court of the mikados, composed of languid patriarchs who surrounded themselves with women and priests, and revelled in flowery festivals, of those princes of celestial blood—the Kuge—and of those princesses who were drawn about in great ox-carts under the blossoming cherry-trees of spring or the red maples of autumn, it was Buddhism which called up the spirits of the dead, arranged for spiritual communications, attached no end of superstitions to places where three and four ways met, above all which allured the soul to renunciation as a source of new felicity.

Often that renunciation was eminently superficial. The wielder of power has but the anxieties which attend it, that is to say, the painful illusion of power. Let him delegate the shining phantom, retaining only the shadow thereof, and in that he will find reality. Did not the great Cakya preach to men the truth, that they must get clear of phenomena before they can control them? In like manner it is only by withdrawing himself from the false light of this world that the Emperor, stripped of his imperial insignia and clad in the robe of a bonze, can really govern his realm. Truly Buddha was an astute politician! This doctrine of

the *inkyō*—which means literally the act of withdrawal—which flattered the greed of power in exact proportion as it relieved from the responsibility thereof, quite captivated the fancy of the Japanese. Their emperors abdicated, some out of mere fatigue and for convenience' sake; others, that they might wield under cover of a darkling piety an absolute authority, which must needs have been limited under the broad light of open day.

Abdication became a law which operated downward from the throne upon the ministers, the shoguns, the lesser officials and private individuals. Even the small merchant of Japan retires from business while still in his prime, and hands over the shop to his son. The consequences of this custom were extremely serious. It threw thousands of active men out of employment and abbreviated their social life. Withdrawn from affairs to which they contributed only the counsels of a still unripe experience, these recluses who, however, had neither ingratitude nor disrespect to fear, ceased to act, ceased even to think and were overrun by a kind of rust, at once venerable and fatal. This it was which gave to the civilization of Japan that character of immaturity which often makes its sons appear like superannuated children. A broken column should be their emblem. On the other hand the *inkyō* teaches men to draw a distinction between the power which demands adoration and that which exacts obedience; and, since the two are seldom found united in one person, and if the former is displayed the latter lurks in concealment, there grew up a universal habit of suspicion engendered by invisible masters. The spirit of mistrust spread from man to man. Anxiety was hidden within the folds of a smile, and souls enlarged the solitude about them that their tremulousness might not be detected. For ages the government of

Japan was anonymous and irresponsible. Its potentates, whether emperors or shoguns—all save the two or three original founders of each dynasty—pass along the frescoes of history like a procession of hieratic figures of which the aureoles only are clearly discernible. Shadowy figures they are, yet they dazzle the eye. Not one of them attains to positive individuality nor has the audacity to resemble no one but himself. The *inkyō* has confiscated their real power, for the benefit of some abbot among the monks or some mother superior among the nuns or *bonzes*, or else of some particular family or clan.

Their spontaneity is a dead letter. They have been cramped by bandages and embalmed in veneration. Even when they do not abdicate, their personality remains none the less a simulacrum. We see infants of two years named emperors or shoguns, and abdicating at the age of five; and these gods in swaddling clothes, these generals at the breast, count for just as much as their predecessors or their heirs, whose dream of empire may be protracted through thirty tranquil years.

Thus, in the tenth century, the equivoque of Buddhism has already disorganized authority and thrown it off its balance; so that when avarice and jealousy impel the military chieftains to attack the shogunate, the emperor has become but a vain idol, whose smiles are for the stronger. But attenuated creature though he be, his nominal authority does not perish in the storm. Japan transmits from revolution to revolution the line of its emperors, and its own faith in their divinity. It matters the less that this inheritance should have been occasionally superstitious and often irregular, because in the scheme of things Japanese, adoption, even posthumous, is employed to correct the mistakes and supply the shortcomings of nature. The

extraordinary part of it is that this people has always desired to rule over it a male or female child—a poor creature claiming to be a descendant of the Sun—and that among all the crowd of vassals athirst for murder and glory, not one has ever usurped the title of Mikado. With the exception of the Catholic Church I do not think there is another instance anywhere of a similar institution two thousand years old. Emperors without empire, emperors besieged, ruined, hunted, impoverished, starved, sumptuous or sordid manikins—the institution which they represent survives eternally, and its continuity is but the more amazing for their frequent penury and distress. The more the emperors are insulted and degraded, the more I marvel at the endurance of the empire. The miracle is doubtless due to the invincible faith of the Japanese in their celestial origin. Neither the ungovernable ambition of their *condottieri* nor the triumphs of lawless violence, nor the debilitating fascination of a strange religion, nor atheism itself could ever impair that faith. The mikados lived on because they were emanations of the people; their divinity ascended from the masses. In the worst of times the divine name of that ruler whose mere human personality was so tragically tossed about, quarrelled over and submerged kept always afloat. The twinkle of its pale radiance pierces the darkest night. Sometimes it seems to be absorbed in the focal splendor of the court of the shoguns where the arts revive during an interval of peace and flourish gloriously. But new storms arise and Japan beholds once more the sinister fire of Saint Elmo playing about the cracks in her masts. But the captain who appeals to the courage of his pilots no more, still assures the crew that there survives in the midst of catastrophe a something that will not perish. Amid the hurlling

of unchained instincts he symbolizes Japanese even now not to forget that the intangible predominance of mind in the gloomiest passages of their history, such was their sole ideal.

Revue des Deux Mondes.

André Bellesort.

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER MAN'S BAG.

THE NARRATIVE OF EX-PROFESSOR CROSSLEY.

CHAPTER I.

It has been observed more than once that I am particularly nervous about my luggage when I am travelling by train. It has also been observed that I exhibit more anxiety as to the identity of my goods than as to their safety, and that I am always especially careful lest I should carry off something belonging to another passenger. This peculiarity of mine has been ascribed to my natural eccentricity, and to the influence of advancing age. In justice to myself I am forced to show that it has quite another foundation.

It will be remembered that the loss of the Lenstol Jewels was the sensation of the evening papers one day last year, and that the whole affair was completely hushed up by the press of the following morning. I am about to relate the whole history of this business; and it will be found a sufficient explanation of my nervousness with regard to luggage. I also relate the story because a garbled version of my adventure has already been circulated, and I am anxious to clear my name from the unworthy slanders which have been connected with it.

For many years I had been a lecturer on classical subjects at the Croxhampton University College; but just recently an unexpected legacy had enabled me to resign, and to devote myself to

my favorite literary pursuits. I may say that my work has not been fruitless, and that I am regarded as something of an authority in more than one direction. This accounted for an invitation which I received at this time to visit Lechester, for the purpose of addressing the Carlyle Society in that city.

Lechester was an interesting literary centre, and the Carlyle Society there was one of the best. Moreover, my untiring researches had resulted in the discovery of certain private Carlyle letters, which threw a curious sidelight upon several phases of the prophet's work and home-life. Here was a chance of laying my discovery before a sympathetic audience ere I could make it public through the reviews. I gladly accepted the invitation, and prepared my lecture.

Both Croxhampton and Lechester are on the main line from London to Boltport, with little more than an hour's journey between them. On the day before the date agreed upon, I wrote to engage a room at the Lechester Royal Hotel, my somewhat nervous disposition making me unwilling to accept the private hospitality which had been offered. On the following day I caught an afternoon train and took a second class compartment. In one corner of this was a young woman with a child about twelve months

old, and in another sat a stout man reading a newspaper. I took my seat facing him, and placed my bag in the rack above.

It may be said here that I have no liking for very young children, and always avoid them as much as possible. Their actions are not sufficiently regulated by reason to make them agreeable fellow-passengers. My fears in this case proved to be well founded, for from the moment of my appearance that child continued to stare at me in the most irritating manner. He had wide gray eyes, which were peculiarly vacant in expression; and my recollections are still vivid of the annoyance and discomfort I soon began to experience. My annoyance increased when I saw that the other passenger was watching the scene furtively from behind his newspaper.

Presently the child's mother seemed to notice my displeasure, and tried to divert his attention. Failing in this, she addressed herself to me.

"Shake your head at him, sir," she said, in a loud whisper.

"I beg your pardon?" I asked, angrily.

She repeated her words, with an explanation.

"Shake your head at him, sir. He'll be all right then. He is very much attracted by spectacles."

It was an absurd and ridiculous position to be in. I could not have shaken my head at that moment to save my life. Some of my mingled emotions, however, might have appeared in my face too plainly, for the child gave a sudden scream and turned away.

"Oh!" said the woman, most unreasonably, "now you have frightened him. I am sure there was no need to glare like that;" and she turned to the task of soothing him again in a manner which combined pity for her boy with resentment towards me. I felt heartily sorry that I had not been more careful

in my choice of a carriage; but at that point the other passenger came to my assistance. He had been watching throughout the incident, and evidently sympathized with me. Leaning forward he spoke in a low tone, gravely:

"Shocking nuisance, children!"

"Yes," I said, "they are. I have always thought so."

"Of course," he went on, "the world cannot exactly do without them. But I do think they ought to be kept out of the way as much as possible. In travelling, they ought to have carriages to themselves."

"I felt that this was a reasonable idea and we were soon in perfect agreement. During the conversation that followed I tried to form some opinion as to the stranger's quality and position. His appearance was comfortable and substantial, and his manner free almost to the point of coarseness, but he had travelled a good deal in this country and could observe with shrewdness. He had a blonde-bearded, rather good-natured face, and I came to the conclusion that he was a well-to-do business man.

It is my habit to learn as much as possible about the people I meet. This does not arise from any vulgar inquisitiveness, but rather, I hope, from a wish to know my fellow-creatures. Their affairs are always interesting to me; and I have often stumbled upon information in this way which I have found very useful later. But for this custom of mine I should never have discovered those Carlyle letters.

I began, therefore, to make inquiries, and soon learned that my fellow-passenger was a commercial traveller, that he belonged in Bôltport and that he represented a firm called Fillottsons. I also learned that Fillottsons had something to do with jewelry; and that was all I could gather. The man was silent as to what had been his business in London, meeting my inquiries in

that direction with a reserve which I had cause to remember later. Even at the time I could not help feeling that it was slightly suspicious, especially as he had been so free on other points. I also remembered, afterwards, that he contrived presently to change the subject, and to engage me in an account of my invitation to Lechester and my business there.

Messrs. Fillottsons's representative knew Lechester slightly, and was acquainted with the Royal Hotel, which he had visited on one occasion. He knew little, however, of Carlyle, his life having been too full of movement to allow of much save newspaper reading. Still, he displayed an intelligent interest in the subject, and this interest was deepened when I related my discovery of the unpublished letters. I was just concluding an account of this discovery when we arrived at Lechester.

During the talk I had quite forgotten the other occupants of the compartment; but it now appeared that their destination was the same as mine. My new acquaintance opened the door for them; and as they passed me I found that the mother had not forgotten the unpleasant incident which had taken place. She gave me a resentful look as she alighted, and this caused me to feel a return of the former discomfort. It was during this temporary confusion that I took down my bag and left the carriage.

"I am glad to have met you, sir," said the man from Boltport; and I hope we shall meet again. Will you accept my card?"

We exchanged cards and shook hands cordially. I may say here that I have rarely met a more attentive and intelligent listener. A minute later I was being driven through the streets in a Royal Hotel omnibus.

When I reached the building my first act was to take my bag up to my room.

This room was No. 17 on the first landing. When I came down it was about five o'clock, and my meeting was to commence at eight. I took a hearty tea and then went out to call upon the secretary of the local Carlyle Society.

This was the headmaster of the Grammar School, and he received me with every pleasure. The evening's meeting promised to be an excellent one; Dean Houghten, himself the author of a volume on Carlyle, having promised to attend, as well as his guest Canon Worcester. I felt that everything was working for the success of my lecture, and for the suitable reception of my important disclosures. It was in good spirits that I made my way back to the hotel.

This was at about seven o'clock, so I decided to dress at once, and then to give a few minutes to my manuscript. Although I never refer to my papers after my lecture has commenced, I always keep them before me for safety. On this occasion, especially, it would be just as well to make a thorough preparation.

I went up to my room and proceeded to open my bag. It struck me as I lifted it to a chair that it was a trifle weighty, considering that it contained only my manuscript, my dress-clothes and one or two other light articles. This reflection was followed by another, made as I took out my keys; the leather of the bag seemed rather cleaner and less worn than I had fancied it to be. I found no difficulty about it, however, for the key turned easily in the lock. Then I loosened the straps and slipped back the catches.

At that point my impressions were fully explained. The first thing I should have seen was my manuscript; but my manuscript was not there. Instead there were three or four magazines of a popular class, and beneath them several articles of clothing, tight-

ly packed. I had carried off and opened some one else's bag.

On discovering that this was not my bag it was my plain duty to close the thing at once. But my thoughts had flown to the loss of my manuscript; and in a moment of pure absent-mindedness I removed the layer of clothing to see what lay beneath.

What I saw there was another layer of a very different character. Packed neatly beneath the clothes, against the side of the bag, were some half-dozen leather cases of a particularly handsome description. They were of various sizes, and each of them bore a coronet in gilt.

My curiosity was now awakened, and under its influence I went a little farther. Picking up the largest case I examined it carefully. It was locked, but there was a small key, apparently of silver, in the lock. After a moment's hesitation I turned this key and raised the lid. My first glimpse of the contents gave me a vivid impression of brilliance and beauty. At the second glance this impression was confirmed and strengthened. The object at which I gazed was a necklace of large diamonds!

Just above me was the white globe of the gas-jet. The blaze of light fell directly upon the necklace, and, as my hand shook, the rays were reflected from the jewels in a maze of changeful colors. Some of the stones, it seemed to me, were of extraordinary size, while the smaller ones were set in tiny clusters. There was a setting of almost invisible gold-work, and the whole rested on a bed of white velvet.

I knew nothing of jewels, or, at least, no more than the ordinary man whose only knowledge is obtained by an occasional glance at a jeweler's window. I had an impression that the article in my hand represented a very large sum of money. It was worth hundreds of pounds—perhaps thousands.

Presently I closed the case and laid it down. There were five others, all smaller cases than the first; and I continued my investigations. It seems to me that the peculiar circumstances form a sufficient excuse for my conduct. In spite of what the Croxhampton students may say, I am not inquisitive by nature, and have a strong dislike for meddling of any kind.

I took up the other cases and examined them in turn; but my impressions as to their contents are too confused to enable me to give a detailed description. Let it be enough to say that two of the cases contained bracelets, evidently intended to match the necklace; two others, and those the smallest, revealed a pair of diamond ear-drops; and the final case contained a kind of diamond spray, intended, as I guessed, to be fastened and worn in the hair.

This last article was the finest of all. Most of the stones were small ones; but their smallness only served to set off the magnificent gem which gleamed in the centre of the ornament. The stone was circular in shape, and almost as large as the half of a walnut shell. To increase the resemblance, the under side, where it was laid in the gold setting, was flat. The face, however, was cut into a large number of triangular facets, each of which appeared to gather and refract, with thousandfold brilliancy, the rays of the gaslight. After I had gazed a few moments I felt myself almost dazzled by the unparalleled lustre. This was a diamond, indeed!

In sheer bewilderment I sat down on a chair that stood near, and looked about me. My room was a plain and comfortable one, but utterly out of keeping with the nature of my discovery. Wealth? There seemed to be the wealth of Croesus in this common, everyday travelling bag. What did it

mean? Where had it come from? And as I asked myself that question I suddenly saw the solution of the mystery. This took the form of a card, which lay upon the table. I had laid it there myself when I had entered the room first. It was a slip of white, bearing, in three lines, the inscription: "Mr. Charles Ashdon. Fillottsons Brothers, 191 Broadway, Boltport."

"Cheap jewelry!" I murmured, with quick remembrance.

Cheap jewelry—of course! It was now as clear as possible. The articles at which I had been looking with the wonder of ignorance were representative of Mr. Charles Ashdon's business. Glittering, showy, loud. Diamonds, indeed! I gazed again at the spray, and the proximity of that slip of paste-board seemed to give it a very different appearance. It did not gleam so brilliantly; it did not gather up and reflect the light in such a glorious manner. Pshaw! I had seen "rubies" of

that size marked in toyshop windows at sixpence each!

I closed the case, locked it and returned it to its place. Then I repacked the other articles and fastened the bag. It was fully time now to attend to my own affairs, so I hastened to summon a waiter. The man who came was a quick and willing fellow, who understood the situation at a glance. He told me of an establishment in the next street where I could easily obtain the dress-clothes I needed; and I lost no time in seeking it. There was no difficulty after this, and by a quarter to eight I was ready for my engagement. I was forced to make up for the want of my manuscript by a few notes hastily written, but I felt no fear in that direction. Years of similar work had trained my memory well.

At eight o'clock a cab was at the door, and I set out for the hall. By that time I had quite forgotten Mr. Ashdon's bag.

W. E. Cule.

Chambers's Journal.

(To be continued.)

A BROKEN SONG.

*Where am I from? From the green hills of Erin.
Have I no song, then? My songs are all sung.
What o' my love? 'Tis alone I am farin'.
Old grows my heart, an' my voice yet is young.*

*If she was tall? Like a king's own daughter.
If she was fair? Like a mornin' o' May.
When she'd come laughin' 'twas the runnin' wather.
When she'd come blushin' 'twas the break o' day.*

*Where did she dwell? Where one'st I had my dwellin'.
Who loved her best? There's no one now will know.
Where is she gone? Och, why would I be tellin'!
Where she is gone there I never can go.*

Maira O'Neil.

THE STAGING OF SHAKESPEARE.*

A DEFENCE OF THE PUBLIC TASTE.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "I have not even mentioned 'Little Davy' in the preface to my Shakespeare."

"Why?" ventured Boswell. "Do you not admire that great actor?"

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "as a poor player who frets and struts his hour upon the stage—as a shadow."

"But," persisted Boswell, "has he not brought Shakespeare into notice?"

At this the immortal lexicographer fired up.

"Sir, to allow that would be to lam-poon the age. Many of Shakespeare's plays are the worse for being acted."

Then Boswell, Scotchman that he was, once more replied with a question:

"What! is nothing gained by *acting and decoration*?"

"Sir!" replied Dr. Johnson, breathing hard; "Sir!" he thundered, as he brought down his fist with all the energy of his rotund and volcanic personality; "Sir!"—and for once there was a silence—the only silence that is recorded in the life of that masterful personality.

In this brief conversation is raised the chief question which has divided lovers of Shakespeare for three centuries past. Ought his works to be presented upon the stage at all? Strange as it may seem in an actor, I am bound to say that I can understand this attitude of mind, which was shared by many thinkers of past ages. I am not astonished even that such acute and genial critics as Charles Lamb and Wordsworth—that such serious lovers of Shakespeare as Hazlitt and

Emerson—held the opinion that the works of our greatest dramatist should not be seen upon the stage. Be that as it may, it is not my intention to enter into an academic discussion with these departed spirits. It will be rather my practical endeavor to show that the public of to-day demands that, if acted at all, Shakespeare shall be presented with all the resources of our time—that he shall be treated, not as a dead author speaking a dead language, but as a living force speaking with the voice of a living humanity. And it will be my further endeavor to show that in making this demand the public is right.

I am quite aware that in this assertion I am opposed by those who regard Shakespeare as a mere literary legacy, and themselves as his executors, for whose special behest his bones are periodically exhumed in order to gratify a pretty taste for literary pedantry. But great poetry is not written for the few elected of themselves—it must be a living force, or it must be respectfully relegated to the dingy shelves of the great unheard—the little read. Is Shakespeare living, or is he dead? That is the question. Is he to be, or not to be? If he is to be, his being must be of our time—that is to say, we must look at him with the eyes and we must listen to him with the ears of our own generation. And it is surely the greatest tribute to his genius that we should claim his work as belonging no less to our time than to his own. There are those who contend that, in order to appreciate his works, they must only be decked out with the threadbare wardrobe of a bygone time. Let us treat these antiquarians with the re-

* An address to the Oxford Union Debating Society, delivered May 28th, 1900.

spect due to another age, but do not let us be deluded by a too diligent study of magazine articles into the belief that we must regard these great plays as interesting specimens for the special delectation of epicures in antiques.

We have, in fact, two contending forces of opinion; on the one side we have that of literary experts, as revealed in print; on the other, we have that of public opinion, as revealed by the coin of the realm. Before I enter upon my justification of the public taste, I shall have to show what the public taste is. Now, there is only one way of arriving at an estimate of the public taste in "things theatric," and that is through the practical experience of those whose business it is to cater for the public. The few experts who arrogate to themselves the right to dictate what the public taste should be are exactly those who ignore what it really is. To their more alluring speculations I shall turn later on; and if, in passing over the ground which has been trodden by these erudite but uninformed writers, I have now and then to sweep aside the cobwebs woven of their fancy, I shall hope to do so with a light hand, serene in the assurance that good and strenuous work will survive the condemnation of a footnote.

Much has been written of late as to the manner in which the plays of Shakespeare should be presented. We are told in this connection that the ideal note to strike is that of "Adequacy." We are assured that we are not to apply to Shakespearean productions the same care, the same reverence for accuracy, the same regard for stage illusion, for mounting, scenery and costume, which we devote to authors of lesser degree; that we should not, in fact, avail ourselves of those adjuncts which in these days science and art place at the manager's right hand; in other words, that we are to produce our national poet's

works without the crowds and armies, without the pride, pomp and circumstance which are suggested in every page of the dramatist's work, and the absence of which Shakespeare himself so frequently laments in his plays. On this subject—rightly or wrongly (but I hope I shall be able to prove to you rightly)—the public has spoken with no hesitating voice; the trend of its taste has undoubtedly been towards putting Shakespeare upon the stage as worthily and as munificently as the manager can afford.

It would be interesting to ascertain how many English playgoers have encouraged this method of producing Shakespeare since Sir Squire Bancroft gave us "The Merchant of Venice" at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, which is my earliest theatrical recollection of the kind; and I do not remember to have seen any Shakespearean presentation more satisfying to my judgment. It was here that Ellen Terry first shed the sunlight of her buoyant and radiant personality on the character of Portia; it was the first production in which the modern spirit of stage-management asserted itself, transporting us, as it did, into the atmosphere of Venice, into the rarefied realms of Shakespearean comedy. Since then, no doubt, millions have flocked to this class of production, when we recall Sir Henry Irving's beautiful Shakespearean presentations from 1874 to 1896; presentations which included "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," "Much Ado," "King Lear," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Henry VIII," "Richard III" and "Cymbeline;" and when we remember Miss Mary Anderson's memorable production of "A Winter's Tale" at the same theatre, where the Leontes was Mr. Forbes Robertson, another actor of the modern school (that old school which is eternally new—I might say the right school), not to mention

Mr. John Hare's "As You Like It," Mr. Wilton Barrett's "Hamlet" and "Othello," and Mr. George Alexander's "As You Like It" and "Much Ado About Nothing." Again, at the Haymarket, under a recent management, one might have seen produced in this culpable fashion "Hamlet," "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Henry IV." Now, I am not in a position, by means of the brutal and unanswerable logic of figures, to speak of the success which attended the various productions of my brother managers; neither do I pretend to declare that the majority is always right; nor shall I seek to set up commercial success as the standard by which artistic endeavor must be gauged. But I do know that by the public favor many of the managers whom I have mentioned succeeded in keeping for a number of months in the bills their great Shakespearean productions, and I believe that in the aggregate those productions brought them ample and substantial reward. That we should look for that sluttishness of prosperity which attends entertainments of another order is, of course, out of the question; but the privilege of presenting the masterpieces of Shakespeare's genius is surely as great as that derived from paying a dividend of 35 per cent. to a set of shareholders in a limited liability company. But if I am unable to speak with authority as to the success or otherwise, which has attended the productions at other theatres, I can speak with authority in reference to those productions for which I have been myself responsible—if, indeed, it is permissible to call oneself as a witness to prove one's own case. For the moment modesty must give way to the exigencies of the situation.

In three years at Her Majesty's Theatre three Shakespearean productions have been given—viz., "Julius Cæsar," "King John" and "A Midsummer

Night's Dream;" and much, no doubt, as it will shock some people, I am not ashamed to say that for these productions I have tried to borrow from the arts and the sciences all that the arts and the sciences had to lend. And what has been the result? In London alone two hundred and forty-two thousand people witnessed "Julius Cæsar," over one hundred and seventy thousand came to see "King John," and nearly two hundred and twenty thousand were present during the run of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—in all a grand total of six hundred and thirty-two thousand visitors to these three productions. And no doubt my brother managers who have catered for the public in this manner could, with the great successes that they have had, point to similar figures. I think, therefore, it is not too much to claim that the public taste clearly and undoubtedly—whether that taste be good or bad—lies in the direction of the method in which Shakespeare has been presented of late years by the chief metropolitan managers. My thesis is to prove that that taste is justified, and that the great mass of English theatre-goers are not to be stamped as fools and ignorants because they have shown a decided preference for contemporary methods.

I have endeavored to show what the public taste of to-day is. Before entering upon its defence, I shall put before you the case for the prosecution. Many able pens have been busy of late, and much valuable ink has been expended in assuring us, that the modern method is a wrong method, and that Shakespeare can only be rescued from the slough into which he has fallen by a return to that primitive treatment which may be indicated in such stage instructions as "This is a forest," "This is a wall," "This is a youth," "This is a maiden," "This is a moon." The first count in the indictment, according to one distinguished writer, is that it is

the modern manager's "avowed intention to appeal to the spectator mainly through the eye." If that be so, then the manager is clearly at fault—but I am unacquainted with that manager. We are told that the manager nowadays will only produce those plays of Shakespeare which lend themselves to "ostentatious spectacle." If that be so, then the manager is clearly at fault—but I am still unacquainted with him. We are assured on the authority of this same writer, who I am sure would be incapable of deliberately arguing from false premises, that "in the most influential circles of the theatrical profession, it has become a commonplace to assert that Shakespearean drama cannot be successfully produced on the stage—cannot be rendered tolerable to any large section of the play-going public—without a plethora of scenic spectacle and gorgeous costumes which the student regards as superfluous and inappropriate." If it be so, the unknown manager is once more at fault. We may, indeed, take him to be a vulgar rogue, who produces Shakespeare for the sole purpose of gain, and who does not hesitate to debauch the public taste in order to compass his sordid ends.

We are told that under the present system it is no longer possible for Shakespeare's plays to be acted constantly and in their variety, owing to the large sums of money which have to be expended, thus necessitating long runs. Of course, if a large number of Shakespeare's plays could follow each other without intermission, a very desirable state of things would be attained; but my contention is that no company of ordinary dimensions could possibly achieve this, either worthily or even satisfactorily. Leaving out of consideration, for the moment, all such questions as rehearsals of scenery and effects, it is impossible for one set of actors properly to prepare one play in the space of a few days, while they are

playing another at night. Those who have had any experience of rehearsing a Shakespearean drama in a serious way will bear me out that a week or a fortnight, or even a month, is insufficient to do the text anything like full justice. And even when attempts of this kind have been made, can it honestly be said that they have left any lasting impression upon the mind or the fancy? I contend that greater service for the true knowing of Shakespeare's works is rendered by the careful production of *one* of these plays than by the indifferent—or, as I believe it is now fashionably called, the "adequate"—representation of half a dozen of them. By deeply impressing an audience, and making their hearts throb to the beat of the poet's wand, by entralling an audience by the magic of the actor who has the compelling power, we are enabled to give Shakespeare a wider appeal and a larger franchise—surely no mean achievement. Thousands witness him instead of hundreds; for his works are not only, or primarily, for the literary student; they are for the world at large. Indeed, there should be more joy over ninety-nine Phyllistines that are gained than over one elect that is preserved. I contend that not only is no service rendered to Shakespeare by an "adequate" representation, but that such performances are a disservice, in so far that a large proportion of the audience will receive from them an impression of dulness. And in all modesty it may be claimed that it is better to draw multitudes by doing Shakespeare in the way the public prefers, than to keep the theatre empty by only presenting him "adequately," as these counsels of imperfection would have us do.

I take it that the proper object of putting Shakespeare upon the stage is not only to provide an evening's amusement at the theatre, but also to give a stimulus to the further study of our

great poet's works. If performances, therefore, make but a fleeting impression during the moments that they are in action, and are forgotten as soon as the playhouse is quitted, the stimulus for diving deeper into other plays than those that we have witnessed must inevitably be wanting. For my own part, I admit that the long run has its disadvantages—that it tends (unless fought against) to automatic acting and to a lessening of enthusiasm, passion and imagination on the part of the actor; but what system is perfect? It is a regrettable fact that in all the affairs of life, whenever we strive for an abstract condition of things, we are apt to come into collision with the concrete wall which is built of human limitations—as many an idealist's battered head will testify. In making a choice, one can only elect that system which has the smallest number of drawbacks to its account. The argument that the liabilities involved nowadays in producing a Shakespearean play on the modern system are so heavy that few managers care to face them, and that, therefore, unless a change in such system takes place, Shakespeare will be banished from the London stage altogether—is, in my opinion, a fallacious one. Again I apologize for intruding the results of my own experience, but I feel bound to state—if only for the purpose of encouraging others to put Shakespeare on the stage as magnificently as they can afford—that no single one of my Shakespearean productions has been unattended by a substantial pecuniary reward.

I now come to deal with two charges which practically come under one head—the impeachment of the actor-manager. He is represented as being capable of every enormity, of every shameless infraction of every rule of dramatic art, provided only that he stands out from his fellows and obtains the giant share of notice and applause.

These two charges are: first, that the text is ruthlessly cut in order to give an unwarranted predominance to certain parts; and secondly, that the parts are not entrusted to actors capable of doing them justice. If these charges be true, the practice is a most reprehensible one. But are they true? Is it not rather the fact that the old star system has of late given way to all-round casts of a high level? I think the public taste and the practice of managers has been in this direction—a welcome change which has taken place during recent years. In regard to this cutting of the text, it is only fair to point out that the process to an extent is necessary in the present day. It would be impossible otherwise to bring most of Shakespeare's plays within the three hours' limit, which he himself has described as the proper traffic of the stage. In times gone by, when there was practically no scenery at all, when the public were satisfied to come to the playhouse and remain in their seats without moving from the beginning to the end of their performance (taking solid and liquid refreshment when it pleased them), a much lengthier play was possible than in these days; but to perform any single one of Shakespeare's plays without excision at all would be to court failure instead of success. To play, for example, the whole of "Hamlet" or "Antony and Cleopatra"—the two longest of Shakespeare's works—without a cut, would mean a stay of about five hours in the theatre. This would never be tolerated now, and the result of such a practice would be to empty the theatre instead of to fill it. Modern conditions of life obviously do not admit of such a system. Moreover, Shakespeare himself did not represent the entire play of "Hamlet," which was subjected to judicious cuts in his own time—and there is nothing to show that his dramas were ever performed in their printed

entirety. Take, for example, "Antony and Cleopatra." We have no evidence that it was ever played in Shakespeare's own time, but if it were, the loose construction of Act III, involving as it does the necessity of no less than eleven changes of scene, could hardly have fulfilled the ideal dramatic requirements of even those days.

Now, as to the constitution of the Shakespearean casts of the present day, it is asserted that the parts are not entrusted to the right exponents. With all respect, I submit that the public has the right to choose its own favorites; and surely the manager has the right to select his own company from the ranks of these favorites, rather than from the ranks of those whose practice—however useful—has been limited to the range of Shakespearean drama, and who have not yet gained their spurs in the wider field of our arduous calling; for the more varied his experience, the better equipped is the actor for the presentation of the essentially human characters of Shakespeare. If we follow the argument to the end, we are led to the conclusion that it is more satisfying to see the young lady who has but three years been emancipated from the high school, playing Ophelia and Lady Macbeth, Beatrice, Viola and Rosalind, than Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Mary Anderson, Miss Julia Nellson and other actresses of their proved talents and experience. I venture to think that the public is once more right. What is this clamor about the modern cast? Not to cite more modern instances, let us take the cast of "Henry VIII" at the Lyceum. Henry Irving as Wolsey, William Terriss as the King, Arthur Stirling as Cranmer, Forbes Robertson as Buckingham, Alfred Bishop as the Chamberlain, Ellen Terry as Queen Katharine, Mrs. Arthur Bouchier as Anne Boleyn and Miss La Thière as the Old Dame. How should we better this? That the chief parts in

most Shakespearean productions are given to the star artists is not only the fault of the manager—the chief culprit was himself an author-actor-manager. He wrote great parts, and great parts require great actors. Shakespeare and Adequacy! What a combination! Adequacy!

The last of the attacks against the modern method of mounting Shakespeare with which I propose to deal is the accusation that under the present system scenic embellishment is not simple and inexpensive or subordinate to the dramatic interest. To this I say, that worthily to represent Shakespeare the scenic embellishment should be as beautiful and costly as the subject of the drama seems to demand; that it should not be subordinate to, but rather harmonious with, the dramatic interest, like every other element of art introduced into the representation—whether those arts be of acting, painting, sculpture, music, or what not. The man who in his dramatic genius has made the nearest approach to Shakespeare is probably Wagner. Did Wagner regard his work as independent of the aids which his time gave him to complete the illusion of the spectator? No; he availed himself of all the effects which modern art could help him, no doubt saying to himself as Molière said, "*Je prends mon bien où je le trouve.*" All these he enslaved in the service of the theatre. Wagner's works are primarily dramas heightened by the aid of music, of scenery, of atmosphere, of costumes, all gorgeous or simple as the situation requires. Stripped of these aids, would Wagner have the deep effect on audiences such as we have witnessed at Bayreuth? No! Every man should avail himself of the aids which his generation affords him. It is only the weakling who harks back to the methods of a by-gone generation. That painter is surely greater who sees nature—human and otherwise

—with the clear eyes of his own time rather than through the blurred spectacles of a by-gone age. Indeed, no man is great in any walk of life unless he is in the best sense of his time. A good workman does not quarrel with the tools his generation has given him, any more than a good general will reject the weapons of modern warfare on the ground that muzzle-loaders were "good enough" for his forefathers.

Having noticed what there is to be said against the modern stage, let us now see what the modern stage has to say for itself. I take it that the entire business of the stage is—illusion. To gain this end all means are fair. Illusion is the first and last word of the stage; all that aids illusion is good, all that destroys illusion is bad. This simple law governs us—or should govern us. In that compound of all the arts which is the art of the modern theatre the sweet grace of restraint is, of course, necessary, and the scenic embellishments should not overwhelm the dramatic interest—or the balance is upset—the illusion gone! This nice balance depends upon the tact of the presiding artist, and often the greatest illusion will be attained by the simplest means. For instance, a race run off the stage and witnessed by an excited and interested crowd of actors will probably be more effective than one devised of cardboard horses jerking to the winning-post in the face of the audience. Is illusion destroyed by getting as near as we can to a picture of the real thing? Supposing that in the course of a play a scene is placed "Before a castle," and a reference is made in the dialogue to the presence of the castle, would it be disturbing to an audience's imagination to see that castle painted on the cloth? If it did so disturb an audience, then the castle would be out of place. That is to say, if the audience turned to one another and whispered, "That is a castle—how extraordinary!" that would

be breaking the illusion. Even more disturbing, however, would it be for the audience to turn to one another and to whisper, "But there ain't no castle!" It is quite conceivable that in former times a finely painted scene would have distracted the attention of the audience because it was unexpected—but now appropriate illustration is the normal condition of the theatre. I repeat that I can understand such writers as Hazlitt, Lamb and Emerson declaring that they preferred that Shakespeare should not be presented on the stage at all, for there is undoubtedly a tendency, in performances other than those of the first order, to destroy the illusion of the highly cultured; and I can conceive that such a one would say to himself, "Why undergo the unnecessary discomfort and expense of a visit to the theatre, when I can read my Shakespeare at ease in my arm-chair?" I can realize that a satisfactory result may be obtained by a number of ladies and gentlemen in ordinary attire playing before a green baize curtain, and reciting the verse without recourse to stage appointments of any kind, for the imagination would not be offended by inappropriate accessories. But I cannot admit a compromise between this primitive form of dramatic representation and that which obtains to-day. It must be a frank convention or an attempt at complete illusion. To illustrate this, suppose we have a scene which takes place in Athens; it would be better to have no scene at all than a view of the Marylebone Road.

But possibly the best means of justifying the modern method of putting Shakespeare upon the stage, and the public's liking of that method, is to demonstrate that in principle, at least, it departs in no way from the manner in which the dramatist himself indicated that his works should be presented. Let us call Shakespeare himself as a

witness on this issue, and show that he not only foresaw, but desired, the system of production that is now most in the public favor. Surely no complaint can be raised against those who seek, in putting an author's work upon the stage, to carry out the author's wishes in the matter, as it is better to follow those directions than to listen to the critics of three hundred years later, who clamor for a system exactly opposite to the one which the author distinctly advocated. In spite of what has been said to the contrary, I adhere to my feeling of the prelude to "Henry V," and contend that in those most beautiful lines Shakespeare regretted the deficiencies of the stage of his day, for it is reasonable to suppose that in writing those lines he did not mean the opposite of what he said, as we are ingeniously told he did. Here it will be seen what store Shakespeare sets on illusion for the theatre, and how he implores the spectator to supply by means of his imagination the deficiencies of the stage. It is, of course, impossible on the stage to hold in numbers "the vasty fields of France"—but it is not impossible to suggest those "vasty fields." Can it be reasonably argued that, because in these lines he prays his auditors to employ the powers of their imagination, therefore we in these days are to be debarred from helping that imagination with the means at hand? But if we would get a really just view of Shakespeare's notions of how his dialogue and action were to be theatrically assisted, we need do nothing else than turn to the stage directions of his plays. To take three examples, I would beg you carefully to read the stage instructions in "The Tempest," "Henry VIII" and "Pericles," and ask yourselves why, if Shakespeare contemplated nothing in the way of what we term a production, he gave such minute directions for effects which, even in our time of artistic and scientific mounting,

are difficult of realization. Surely no one reading the vision of Katharine of Aragon can come to any other conclusion than that Shakespeare intended to leave as little to the imagination as possible, and to put upon the stage as gorgeous and as complete a picture as the resources of the theatre could supply.

And are we not inclined to undervalue a little the stage resources of the Elizabethan period? Are we not prone to assume that Shakespeare had far less in this direction to his hand than we give him credit for? Of scenery in the public theatres there was practically none, but in the private houses and in the castles of the nobles, when plays were played at the celebration of births and marriages and comings-of-age, we find that mounting, scenery, costume and music were largely employed as adjuncts to these performances. In fact, when we read the description of some of the masques and interludes, when we consider the gorgeousness of display and the money that was expended for only single performances, we may well doubt whether, even in our day, we have surpassed what our forefathers of three centuries ago attained. So that in justifying the lavishness of modern productions we are not altogether thrown back upon the theory of Shakespeare's "prophetic vision" of what the stage would compass when he had been laid in his grave. These shows were undoubtedly witnessed by Shakespeare himself, and it is, indeed, not unreasonable to suppose that he acquired the love of gorgeous stage decorations from such performances witnessed by him in early life. Take the question of what we call properties; Shakespeare, more than any other author seems to demand these at every turn. Swords, helmets, doublets, rings and bracelets, caskets and crowns are the inevitable paraphernalia of the Shakespearean drama;

while as to music, the existence of an orchestra is vouched for by the recent discovery by a German savant of a contemporary drawing of the interior of the old Swan Theatre. This drawing is reproduced in Mr. Sidney Lee's remarkable "Life of Shakespeare," and proves conclusively that instrumentalists were employed to heighten the effect of the spoken words, as indeed Shakespeare's stage instructions continually indicate they should. When we come to the question of costumes, the case is even stronger. The burning of the Globe Theatre—an event, by the way, due to the realism of Shakespeare's stage management—has robbed us of many important documents, but in the inventory still in existence of the costume wardrobe of a London theatre in Shakespeare's time ("Henslowe's Diary") there are mentioned particular costumes for cardinals, shepherds, kings, clowns, friars and fools; green coats for Robin Hood's men, and a green gown for Maid Marian; a white and gold doublet for Henry V, and a robe for Longshanks, besides surplices, copes, damask frocks, gowns of cloth of gold and of cloth of silver, taffeta gown, calico gowns, velvet coats, satin coats, frieze coats, jerkins of yellow leather and of black leather, red suits, gray suits, French pierrot suits, a robe "for to go invisible" and four farthingales. There are also entries of Spanish, Moorish and Danish costumes, of helmets, lances, painted shields, imperial crowns and papal tiaras, as well as of costumes for Turkish janissaries, Roman senators and all the gods and goddesses of High Olympus.

No dramatist of the French, English or Athenian stage relies as Shakespeare does for his effects on the dress of his actors; he not only appreciated the value of costume in adding picturesqueness to poetry, but he saw how important it is as a means for produc-

ing certain dramatic results. Many of his plays, such as "Measure for Measure," "Twelfth Night," the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "All's Well that Ends Well," "Cymbeline," "The Merchant of Venice" and many others, depend entirely on the character of the various dresses worn by the hero and heroine, and unless these dresses be accurate, the author's effect will be lost.

I have endeavored to call Shakespeare as a witness for the justification of the public taste through the means of his printed words; we have, as it were, taken his evidence on commission; and I could have cited, had time permitted, the delightful scene in the last act of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which is itself the most humorously satirical skit on the primitive methods of the stage—and the ruthless exposition of which shows how Shakespeare himself, in his amusing lament of adequacy, stood forth as the staunch advocate of a wider stage art. If we are to mount his plays in the manner of his time, we may go further and hold that, because in Shakespeare's day female parts were represented by boys, this system should be adhered to to-day. It is true that the practice is still in vogue in pantomime, but I question whether the severest sticklers for the methods of Elizabethan days would advocate that Ophelia should be represented by Mr. This and Desdemona by Mr. That. Accuracy of detail, for the sake of perfect illusion, is necessary for us. What we have to see is that the details are not allowed to overshadow the principal theme, and this they never can do while they are carefully and reasonably introduced. As Victor Hugo says, "the smallest details of history and domestic life should be minutely studied and reproduced by the manager, but only as a means to increase the reality (not the realism) of the whole work, and to drive into the obscurest corners of a play an atmos-

phere of the general and pulsating life in the midst of which the characters are truest and the catastrophes consequently the most poignant."

The art of the theatre is of comparatively modern birth—it has become more widely appealing, because it has embraced within its scope many arts and many sciences, and because, through their aids, it epitomizes for us in an appealing and attractive form, the thoughts, the aspirations, the humors and the passions of humanity, as expressed by the dramatist. As Campbell wrote in his valedictory stanzas to John Philip Kemble:—

His was the spell o'er hearts
Which only acting lends—
The youngest of the sister Arts
Where all their beauty blends.
For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone or thought sublime;
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.
But by the mighty actor brought
Illusion's perfect triumphs come;
Verse ceases to be airy thought
And Sculpture to be dumb.

There is another point of view which I would fain touch upon before I end this paper—and that is the point of view of the artist himself. He works not only for the public; he works, and I think should work, primarily for himself. To satisfy his own artistic conscience should be his first aim—and this is what the public, unconsciously perhaps, appreciates and respects. Now, whatever may be said as to pandering to the public taste, I maintain that the artist himself would not remain satisfied with tawdry productions. Even were the public indifferent on this point (which happily, it is not), it should still be the actor's best endeavor to aim at the highest that is within his reach and to exhaust the resources which his generation has given him. It is, I maintain, a fallacy to say that the manager merely follows the public taste;

by giving a supply of his best he often creates a demand for what is good; and it is largely his initiative—the stimulus which his individual enthusiasm and imagination give to the production of great works—which preserves for those works the recognition and support of the public which follows him. Perhaps the ideal of the artist is not always understood of the public, but unless he keeps his ideal high, be sure the public will not regard him. I do not claim that in this he is necessarily guided by a self-conscious code of ethics—it is oftenest his ambition that impels him to the highest work of which he is capable. He cannot, in fact, be merely adequate. And who are the trustees of the stage's good? Despite the dicta of literary coteries, I maintain that the only men who have ever done anything for the advancement of the higher forms of the drama, the only men who have made any sacrifice to preserve a love of Shakespeare among the people, the only men who have held high the banner of the playhouse, on which the name of Shakespeare is inscribed, are the actors themselves.

These thoughts were passing through my mind on a recent Saturday night, when the curtain had fallen for the last time on Fairyland—when the lights of Fairyland had one by one gone out and the fairies had gone home to bed. I was pacing the darkened stage, taking a final farewell of the scene of our happy revels, when, by the magic of imagination, as it were by the touch of Titania's wand, the empty stage was filled with another fairyland—the fairyland of the Elysian Fields—an unfamiliar scene, peopled with vaguely familiar forms. There, clad in his habit as he lived, was a spare figure, the domed arch of whose brow and whose serene smile reminded me strangely of a bust I had once seen in a Warwickshire church. I noticed that round his neck

he wore an Elizabethan ruff. There, too, was a little man in powdered wig and flowered dressing-gown, reciting now and then snatches of blank verse which awakened the echoes of my memory, and who was occasionally addressed as "Davy." The third was a portly and portentous figure clad in a snuff-colored, square-cut coat and wearing an ample wig. The last was the first to speak:

"Sir!" said the strangely material-looking spirit, "in Heaven's name what think you of the way they are presenting your plays on earth?"

The poet only smiled.

"Sir!" the other persisted, "as a commentator I protest. It seems to me to lampoon antiquity that works of literary merit such as yours undoubtedly possess should be decked out for the delectation of a new-fangled posterity with the vulgar aids of scenic embellishment and with prodigious and impertinent supererogation."

Then he of the ruff spoke with a serene tolerance. I could not quite catch his words, but they were something to this effect:—

I care not how 'tis done, so 'tis well done.

My world is not for pedagogues alone—

What is that passage, Davy, from "King Hal,"

Where Chorus speaks my thoughts anent the stage,

Its narrow limits and its endless aims?

Then he of the flowered dressing-gown raised his voice:—

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend

The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!

Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,

Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,

Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire

Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,

The flat unrais'd spirits that have dar'd

On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth

So great an object; can this cockpit hold

The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram

Within this wooden O the very casques That did affright the air at Agincourt?

O, pardon! Since a crooked figure may Attest in little place a million;

And let us, ciphers to this great account,

On your imaginary forces work.

Suppose within the girdle of these walls

Are now confined two mighty monarchies,

Whose high uprear'd and abutting fronts,

The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder;

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;

Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance.

* * * * *

And so our scene must to the battle fly;

Where—oh, for pity; we shall much disgrace

With four or five most vile and ragged foils,

Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt.

"But, sir," persisted the critic, "is a poor player, whose title to a place among the arts I as a literary authority dispute, to be permitted to put the stamp of his time on the literature of past centuries, and by the public of his hour to desecrate antiquity?"

"Fudge!" said the poet, dropping into prose. "Tell him, Davy, that passage in the Danish play in which I speak of the stage and its place in the civilization of the world."

Then the little man with the powdered wig loomed large, as with pride he spoke of the purpose of playing, "whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and

The Fortnightly Review.

the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

"Sir!" said the shadow of the learned man—"Sir!" and the vision began to fade—"Sir!" it faltered—and silence fell again.

H. Beerbohm Tree.

LYON PLAYFAIR.

Not many young Englishmen having opportunities of advancement abroad have been asked by the Prime Minister of their time to remain at home for their country's good, but we have the record of one in Lyon Playfair. At the beginning of his career, he was on the point of accepting a professorship at Toronto, which had been offered to him through Faraday, when he was surprised by receiving an invitation from Sir Robert Peel to visit him at Drayton Manor. There the Prime Minister explained that several men of science had expressed their regret at his leaving; that for himself it was his interest in public rather than personal affairs that induced him to intervene; and that if he would remain in England he would find him employment suitable for his abilities; and he tendered him a memorandum to that effect. Playfair declined the memorandum, but gave up Canada. Men of science were then scarce. Sir Robert Peel did not forget him, and the services that Playfair lived to render at home were many times greater than the sagacious statesman could have foreseen. His countrymen even now do not fully recognize the measure of their indebtedness to him; he attained to high influence, and became a peer, but his contributions to the common weal brought good to multitudes to whom he was unknown.

Nobody who met the small-statured man in later years for the first time "could have dreamed of the work he had done, and the great things he had accomplished in his busy life. Few possibly would have imagined that one who bore his load of learning so lightly and easily was the master of stores of knowledge such as it is given to few amongst us to profess." His "Memoirs and Correspondence" show him to have been a man whose whole faculty was employed in the service of his fellows, most conspicuously in shaping to their use the new knowledge which science was accumulating.¹ The Autobiography is edited and supplemented by Sir Wemyss Reid, whose knowledge of affairs gives additional interest. The book should be in every public library, and be widely read by young Englishmen. "To Lyon Playfair," says Sir Wemyss Reid, "the good of his country was a thing to be pursued, not merely in the Senate, or in contested fields, but in the laboratory and the council room, in social intercourse and in the humdrum rounds of daily life. It was a thing never to be lost sight of, no matter how incongruous with public work the scene or the circumstances might be. It was something calling not so much for isolated deeds of heroism

¹ "Memoirs and Correspondence of Lyon Playfair—Lord Playfair of St. Andrews, &c. &c." By Wemyss Reid (Cassell & Co.).

as for a patient and unremitting care, extending even to the most trivial tasks and incidents." Is not this the type of man that the England of the twentieth century must also cherish?

Lyon Playfair was born in India, and sent home when little more than an infant, to St. Andrews, where his grandfather was Principal of the University, and one of his uncles became his guardian, placing him in the care of a widowed sister. Six years later his mother brought the younger children also home, and herself undertook the oversight of her family. He was a young man when he first made real acquaintance with his father, on his return from India, where he held high position in the medical service of the East India Company. Lyon was but a lad of fourteen when he was enrolled as a student in the University. One of his earlier recollections was a lecture on "Water."

I recollect copying the lecturer's description of water.—Water, said the philosopher, is composed of two abysmal elements, possible of only one in fundamental differentiation of molecular construction. It is a fluid of exquisite limpidity, capable of solidification on one side, and gasification on the other. In the solid state it belongs to the hexagonal system, and is a double six-sided pyramid with one axis of double refraction. Solid, liquid, gaseous, it is a type of matter.

When his mother returned to India, he was sent to an uncle's office in Glasgow, but was allowed to enter upon a course of study for medicine. Then he entered the Andersonian College and placed himself under Professor Graham, one of the most original investigators of his time. Amongst his fellow students were Livingstone and James Young, the founder of the paraffin-oil industry, who always ascribed his success in the world to a practical

suggestion from Playfair. Livingstone occasionally wrote to him from Africa on subjects of scientific interest, but it was not till twenty years later, when they met, that he identified the traveller with the shy companion of student days.

When his wife returned to Scotland, early in 1859, she came direct, and without notice, to my house in Edinburgh. There happened to be a large dinner party when Mrs. Livingstone, whom I had never seen, was ushered into the dining room, in naturally a travel-stained dress. The announcement of her name assured her the warmest reception from every one. Mrs. Livingstone was most anxious to join her children that night, but did not know their address, although she thought they lived in one of the longest streets of the city. I immediately got two or three porters to divide the street between them, and call at every house. In time we discovered the address of the lady to whom the children had come on a visit, and the anxious mother was able to join them.

To his great disappointment, Playfair was obliged to abandon his medical studies, the atmosphere both of the dissecting rooms and the hospital affecting his health. His father advised him to seek a career in India, but the scientific men in Calcutta were not slow to perceive his true calling, and several of them, without saying anything to him, wrote to his father, who was in the Upper Provinces, advising that he should be sent back to Europe to finish his chemical studies. His father at once advised his going back to London, and joining his old teacher Graham, who had become professor at University College. Graham appointed him private assistant in his researches, and the next year sent him to Giessen in Germany, to study under Liebig, who greeted him with words that showed he was already acquainted with

his attainments. He gave in his name and introduced himself as a pupil of Graham's, when Liebig laughingly said, "You might have added that you are the discoverer of iodo-sulphuric acid," which he had recently described. This may be said to be the turning point in his career. Liebig set him quickly to work; sent him to be his representative at the next meeting of the British Association, and not long afterwards engaged him to translate his "Chemistry of Agriculture." When, two years later, Liebig visited England, Playfair was his companion and *cicerone* in a series of visits which he made to the great agriculturists, and his name thus became closely associated with one of European fame.

While he was still at Geissen, he received an offer from Mr. Thompson, of Clitheroe, to become chemical manager of his calico printing works. He was to meet him in London at twelve o'clock that day week. Those were coaching days, the ice on the Rhine was breaking, and the villages through which the road ran were flooded; but Playfair got to London in time.

I reached Spring Gardens at a quarter to twelve on the day appointed; walking up and down the street till two minutes to the hour, I presented myself in the room just as the Horse Guards clock struck twelve. Mr. Thompson, a gentlemanly-looking old man, sat with a watch in his hand. He said, "You are very punctual," and explained the nature of the work. He then stated that his intention had been to offer me £300 a year, rising to £400, but on account of my punctuality on the day and *hour* named, he would make his offer £400, rising to £600.

His sojourn at Clitheroe gave him a manufacturing experience which was of service all his life; but the demand for these Clitheroe calicoes, which were used by the upper hundreds, was al-

ready ceasing, and Playfair found it expedient to withdraw. Meanwhile, he had been appointed Honorary Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution of Manchester, a city foremost in large ideas. It was at this period that he received the invitation from Toronto forwarded by Faraday, and that Sir Robert Peel saw him. For a little time it seemed uncertain from what quarter he must look for an income, but he was not left long in darkness.

Science was about to make new claims upon the nation, not only to unvell the wonders won from experiment, but to descend among the people, and insist upon a *bonâ fide* obedience to her laws. She was thus to become one of the greatest benefactors of the century, one of the surest and most vigorous of its reformers. When it was resolved to issue a Royal Commission to inquire into the state of large towns and populous districts, Sir Robert Peel wrote to Playfair and offered him a seat on it. The President was to be the Duke of Buccleuch; Professor Owen Stephenson, the engineer, and other well-known men were amongst its members; Playfair was still a young man, but his selection was justified by his work. Edwin Chadwick's report as secretary of the Poor Law Commission on "The Sanitary Condition of the People" had prepared the way by arousing attention. We have come to another as serious crisis, and need as effective action to-day in dealing with the housing of the poor; it may be helpful to note what this earlier movement achieved. Playfair asked to have the large towns of Lancashire as his charge, and had Dr. Angus Smith as an assistant commissioner.

One-tenth of the population of Manchester at that time lived in cellars, and one-seventh of that of Liverpool. Infantile mortality was so excessive that more than half of all the children born in the

manufacturing towns perished before they had reached five years of age. The health reforms which were at this time initiated wrought great changes throughout the country. At a later period, when a knowledge of the needs and laws of health was more general, Playfair estimated that the saving of life over the whole country was, in a single decade, 102,000.

While chemist of the Geological Survey, Playfair carried forward many useful researches, but there was scarcely a month in which the Government did not ask his services. One of the first demands upon him was to report on the condition of Buckingham Palace. It was found to be so bad that no one dare publish the report.

At that time a great main sewer ran through the court yard, and the whole palace was in untrapped connection with it. To illustrate this, I painted a small room on the basement floor with white lead, and showed that it was blackened next morning. The kitchens were furnished with batteries of charcoal fires without flues, and fumes went up to the royal nurseries. To prove this, I mixed pounded pastilles with gunpowder, and exploded the mixture in the kitchens. The smell of the pastilles pervaded the whole house, and brought down, as I wished, the High Court officials to see what was the matter. The architect was immediately called upon to prepare plans for putting Buckingham Palace into a proper condition.

The Board of Health required him to report on graveyards, and to analyze all the water proposed for the supply of towns. The Admiralty placed a sum of money at his disposal to determine the best coals suited for steam navigation. There was a terrible colliery explosion at Jarrow, and he was sent to investigate the cause. The descent was one of great peril, but it was accomplished in safety. He went down

accompanied by two volunteers; at the top of the shaft, when he returned, were three miners in working dress, who had prepared to go down and search for their bodies, believing they would not return. A short time afterwards there was a dispute in the Newcastle district, and a strike was imminent, when masters and men united to ask his arbitration; he was in Brittany, but at once came home, and was successful in effecting a settlement. At the time of the Irish Famine he was asked to select two men in whom he had confidence to unite with him in a commission of inquiry; and did all that was possible to make known the magnitude of the calamity, to meet which all remedial measures were insufficient. During the cholera epidemic he went as volunteer to several large towns to organize house-to-house visitations. Thus he passed in quick succession from one service to another, not balancing the choice of what was pleasant or profitable, but accepting each duty as it came to him in devotion to the common good. These applications of science to the needs of daily life were a form of philanthropy unknown to previous generations.

In 1848 Playfair was elected a member of the Royal Society. That was an *annus mirabilis* in the history of Europe. The famous 10th of April is still remembered, when the Duke of Wellington made arrangements to prevent an outbreak in London. We may break our narrative with a detailed incident of history, from Playfair's recollections of that day:

"The late Lord Salisbury was then Aide-de-camp to the Duke, and he told me that when the Chartists began their march he galloped in great anxiety to the Duke at the Horse Guards, and found him reading the morning paper. He lifted his head for a moment, and said, 'How far are they now from the Bridge?' (Westminster Bridge.)

Lord Salisbury replied, 'One mile and a-half, sir.' The great Duke said, 'Tell me when they are within one-quarter of a mile,' and he became absorbed in his paper. The Marquis of Salisbury went back to observe. When the procession reached the appointed distance he galloped back to the Horse Guards, and again found the Iron Duke quietly reading. 'Well?' said the Duke. Lord Salisbury reported that the procession was breaking up, and that only small detached bodies of Chartists were crossing the bridge. 'Exactly what I expected,' said the Duke, and returned to his paper."

Playfair was still on the threshold—only thirty-two—when a greater work opened before him. Surely it was good for England that he had accepted the Prime Minister's hint, and not gone to Canada, but his course was not for one day really dependent on patronage. To how few has it fallen to leave such a record of the years between twenty and thirty! The Great Exhibition of 1851 was now being planned. "I had nothing to do," says Playfair, in his Autobiography, "with the inception or original preparations for this undertaking. Various persons claim the merit of suggesting that an exhibition, which was at first started as one for national industries, should be made international, and embrace the manufactures of all nations. My own belief is that the suggestion originated with the Prince Consort in consultation with Sir Henry Cole." There was a certain greatness of conception and elevation of hope about this first Exhibition which makes it still memorable, though the world has seen other displays more comprehensive and magnificent. The committee organized by the Society of Arts to carry it out soon saw that the enterprise was too great for it. A Royal Commission was instituted to support it, including the most eminent statesmen of both parties. Still the industrial classes hung back. To facili-

tate working it was proposed to have a "Special Commissioner," who should be a member of the Executive Committee, and at the same time attend the meetings of the consultative Royal Commission. The choice fell upon Playfair. He was introduced without delay to the Prince Consort, and then began a relationship of the happiest omen. Playfair made the round of the manufacturing districts, saw the leading men and did much to remove difficulties. One great service he rendered in devising a new system of classification.

"This classification, the first attempted of industrial work, met with great success, and had the good fortune to be highly recommended by Whewell and Babbage, both masters in classification. Ultimately, it was thoroughly adopted by the Prince Consort and the Royal Commission. It had still to be approved by the foreign commissions. France alone made some objections, as the French Commission had drawn out a logical and philosophical classification for itself. In discussing the two classifications with the French Commission, I pointed out that the best must be the one which the manufacturers could most readily understand, and I suggested that we should fix upon any common object, and see who could most quickly find it in an appropriate division. My French colleague had a handsome walking-stick in his hand, and proposed that this should be the test. Turning to my class of 'miscellaneous objects' under the subsection, 'Objects for personal use,' I readily found a walking-stick. The French commissioner searched his logical classification for a long time in vain, but ultimately found the familiar object under a subsection, 'Machines for the propagation of direct motion.' He laughed heartily and agreed to work under the English classification.

When Paxton's proposal of a palace of iron and glass had carried the day, the building rose with wonderful rapidity.

"But even then the croakers would not cease to frighten the public. Alarms which now seem puerile and absurd were seriously entertained, and had to be dissipated. The great influx of people from abroad was to produce frightful epidemics—perhaps black death, certainly cholera; the large immigration of foreigners, on the pretence of seeing the Exhibition, was to be used as a conspiracy to seize London, and sack the great capital. Our industries were to be destroyed by a taste for foreign goods being created, and England's future greatness was to be imperilled to gratify the wish of the foreign Prince who had married the Queen."

At the close of the Exhibition, Playfair was made a C.B. He was also invited to become a gentleman usher of the Prince Consort's household. As one of the Exhibition Commissioners he had a large share in their subsequent duties, in the organization of the College of Science, the promotion of technical education and other developments. We may not attempt to follow him through all the various occupations of the busy years, full to the last as they were with the same spirit of tactful service. It was while professor of chemistry at Edinburgh that he gave his advice in aid of the education of the Prince of Wales and other of the princes; his chief idea being to acquaint them with the practical application of science to industry, for the better understanding of national needs.

It was during the time that the Prince was living in Edinburgh as Playfair's pupil that the following incident occurred.

"The Prince and Playfair were standing near a cauldron containing lead which was boiling at white heat. 'Has your Royal Highness any faith in science?' said Playfair. 'Certainly,' replied the Prince. Playfair then carefully washed the Prince's hand with ammonia to get rid of any grease that

might be on it. 'Will you now place your hand in this boiling metal, and ladle out a portion of it?' he said to his distinguished pupil. 'Do you tell me to do this?' asked the Prince. 'I do,' replied Playfair. The prince instantly put his hand into the cauldron, and ladled out some of the boiling lead without sustaining any injury.

"It is a well-known scientific fact that the human hand, if perfectly cleansed, may be placed uninjured in lead boiling at white heat, the moisture of the skin protecting it under these conditions from any injury. Should the lead be at a perceptibly lower temperature, the effect would of course be very different."

It must suffice us in one sentence to mention his entry into Parliament, first as representing the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews, and afterwards Leeds; his term of office as Chairman and Deputy Speaker, and as Postmaster-General; and his elevation to the peerage as Baron Playfair of St. Andrews. Afterwards he was a lord-in-waiting to the Queen at Windsor. Honors like duties crowded upon him through the later years. The services which he rendered during his long life that bore fruit permanently are more than we can enumerate; they were of various kinds from the first suggestion of open half-penny letters or the postcard, to the "Playfair Scheme," which remodelled the Civil Service. He died within a few days of Mr. Gladstone, having filled out the fourscore years.

To Lady Playfair the Prince of Wales wrote: "I have had the advantage of knowing your distinguished husband even before I was ten years old, and during those many years I was on the terms of the most intimate friendship with him. In him I have lost a Master (as I am proud to say I was his pupil), an adviser and a friend."

"He was one of the wisest, fairest and most loyal men," said Lord Rose-

bery, "that I have ever known in public life, and his devotion to work and to duty has never, I think, been surpassed."

Leisure Hour.

"He was my master in everything, and I owe all to him," said Professor Dewar. But the most indebted is the British nation.

W. S.

JASPER TOWNSHEND'S PICANINNY.

A DETAIL OF AUSTRALIAN CONQUEST.

In the sixties, two men called Burke and Wills lay down and died in the Queensland Never-never country for want of a few pounds of food; and a few tons of bronze and granite were set up in Melbourne to their memory. In the heart of barren plenty they died of hunger; for the land where they left their bones—in those days geographers called it a "Great Stony Desert" in the maps—was knee-deep with the finest native pasture in the world. The book-keeper who writes the roll of Fame thus squared accounts in his extra-terrestrial, inscrutable way; he gave them posthumous celebrity; and to some of those who peopled the grassy province they had helped to open to the world, and who throve where Burke and Wills had perished, gave he Fortune.

In the early days of settlement, some few tasted a freshness of living out there, such as, it is written, was in the lives of men before the world grew old; they lived there, and left, young enough to keep forever sweet the memory of—what to most men is a tale of bitterness—their pioneering. Jasper Townshend was, and still is, one of these. He went thither in a golden moment; the single stain that lies upon his recollection of those days is linked with his tenderest memory.

It is a great day in a squatter's life when he first rides, upon his own cattle-run, the first horse of his own breeding, that has ever carried saddle and horse-

man. That day had dawned and declined most gloriously on Townshend, and was near its waning as he drew rein upon a crest of a long, low rise and looked about him, with a lifting of the heart, upon his squatter's kingdom in the Barcoo country, many years ago.

On every hand, clear to the sky-line—except where great gum-trees marked the winding chasm of the river-bed—the whole earth was laid as if in cloth of golden green as the sunlight fell aslant upon an ocean of ripe pasturage. Out and out over the great expanse the eye was drawn until the whole appeared immeasurable; and yet, Townshend from where he sat, did not look upon a tithe of his dominions. Knee-deep in rich grass cattle were drawing in to water in slow processions; the further files showed in the vast prospect merely as gay-colored moving specks. Down in the echoing channel of the river the notes of a bellbird struck upon the great silence like a call to prayer. The colt, Norseman, first of the Oontoona station-breds—and surely from the lines and looks of him, the leader of a noble race that was to rise in this squatter's paradise—paused in the track and whinnied toward the homestead. There it was, a mile away; the bridge road went trailing down to it, dwindling to a thread as it neared the squat brown buildings and the stockyards, all of them rough-hewn and hard won by

axe and saw from virgin timber; yet all looking now in the spacious distance, like children's playthings. A column of blue wood-smoke climbed from the kitchen chimney and poised above it, a filmy cloud in the dead, still air. There came to Townshend's ears a tiny clash of bells, and—ininitely remote, yet as if within the passage of his ear—he heard the eager barking of a dog; the milkers were being yarded. Utter peacefulness was abroad; and yet the horseman shrugged discontentedly. He brought his heels on the colt's ribs with a thud, and the animal went down the long slope at a swinging canter—one would say the rider's happy notions had been dashed with sourness by the coming within sound and sight of home.

As he rode now he faced the southwest; there, between the gold of earth and blue of heaven, the horizon was belted in by a strip of denser blue, where a line of ridges lay, marking one boundary of Oontoona. Above the distant ranges now, the clear heaven was flamed by a smoke-pillar—for it could be no water-born cloud that stood thus, clean-cut and stone-gray, in such a stainless air. And even before the strange thing was hidden from Townshend by his descent, the column suddenly crumbled downward on its base, then spread and lay like a pall above the hills. Townshend pulled the colt to a walk.

"Blacks," he said; "is it blacks at last?" Then he braced himself strongly up. "Let 'em come; we want a rousing here;" and he laughed somewhat bitterly.

But he closed his teeth upon the laughter, and bit something like a sob; he was near the house, and on the veranda was a woman sewing busily. She did not look up; Townshend went to unsaddle and turn loose the colt; as he did so he said many times below his breath—with varied intonations, as

if the words were fraught with many meanings, most of them sinister—"Blacks?" Then he went to his wife.

She offered him no welcome; she rose, fastened the needle in her work and threw it and her thimble hurriedly into the chair. She rubbed her palms together slowly and looked at her husband.

"Are you tired? Won't you go and wash? Supper's ready," she said. Voice and manner were perfectly indifferent.

Her face was not so; there were two little upright lines between the eyebrows and two more running slantwise from the corners of the mouth; these, and a hardness in the eyes, told plainly enough of a woman whose nature was being soured at its very source—or frozen or dried up. There was a sickness of the soul upon her that looked out from her eyes and held the man aloof. Upon his last utterance of the strange word he had hurried round to her anxiously, and had come upon the veranda as if he would run and take her in his arms; as he saw her face his hands fell down and his steps lagged. They shared their supper in silence or spoke lifelessly.

When he brought a wife from old green England out into this unfurrowed land, Townshend had thought that his three years' delving had made the place inhabitable, so that even an Englishwoman of finer blood might come to it and not be broken in heart and spirit by the rudeness of the change. He had seen too many women broken that way; and he worked with a tigerish energy, and planned, built and waited, until he had a weather-proof house and neighbors within ride, a trustworthy cook and—since the seasons had been glorious and his cattle increased like magic—prospects that royalty might envy. He wrote to her, and she came. She found tokens of his thought of her at every turn; they were a sound, sweet-

blooded pair; they were very happy on Oontoona for many months.

Townshend's life was full to the brim; his wife's—once her new conditions were familiar to her—was not. She had all the healthy woman's horror of sitting idle-handed; when, after six months or so of bush-life, she found herself often moved to stare idly across the changeless and featureless out-of-doors, while flat despondency or an almost savage restlessness possessed her in turn, she was afraid. Loyalty bade her hide the fear; it was easy to hide, at first, from a man who, the very self of ingenuousness, was much away and often very tired. Being hidden, it became harmful, and flourished in the silence; and thus a shadow fell between the pair. Before the blunter perceptions of the man had felt it, it was irremovable by any arts of his. A couple blessed with cruder sensibilities than these might have kept whole the bond of sympathy, even by quarrelling and reconciliations; their fineness denied them that. Solitude and monotony and yearnings unfulfilled for things of home had touched the woman's soul, and it was drying up within her; and the soul touched the body with deep-rooted sickness; often she would start out of horrid dreams into a racking clearness of perception and, hearing her husband breathing at her side, would feel a very horror of repulsion at thought of the touch of his limbs; and could neither weep nor wake the man and tell him. Dumbly her eyes told him such things sometimes, and dumbly he acknowledged them, and was miserably helpless.

She had come to Oontoona as a broad-browed, deep-bosomed girl, born for motherhood or—failing that—for misery. When Townshend saw the smoke-pillar above the hills, she had been two years on Oontoona; she was childless still, and growing almost gaunt in body. It was a bundle of tiny garments that

she rolled up hastily and threw into her chair when he came home that day; of late he had often found her thus occupied; but in the almost angry eagerness with which she worked, and in the forbidding silence she maintained as she rose up from it, there was only hopelessness. It was as the action of a prisoner plucking at the prison bars.

That night he was alone on the veranda; having smoked savagely to the bitter heel of his tobacco, he was biting morosely on the pipe-stem; the wife was sewing, sewing in the lamplight within; she bit off her threads with the little vicious, worrying wrench that tells in women of white-hot nerves. The first angry word had passed between them; it was his, flung behind him as he came out—flung at her stony irresponsiveness when he had told her of his day and of his pride in the first Oontoona colt—and had met with the cruellest rejoinder, that of silence.

She heard him rise suddenly and stride away, and she listened with a strange startled look and with both hands raised to thread her needle. Out in the darkness Townshend's heart was pounding at his ribs; for he heard a far-away splashing and trampling of many horses at the river-crossing where the bridle track led westward, away out to some big cattle-runs that marked then the very outposts of settlement. Now the sound of many horses on a track where, ordinarily, only the mailman or a solitary stockman rode, was a thing to wonder at. The stir of unsaddling and the chink of hobble-chains came up to Townshend's ears, and he saw the flicker of a camp-fire strike up and broaden; the strong sound of a cantering mounted horse grew towards him, and a man's voice, fresh and clear, hailed from the darkness—

"Oontoona homestead, ahoy?"

"Right you are," Townshend called back, invigorated—the sound of that

unknown voice was as wine to him—"and I'm delighted to see you, whoever you are; I'm Townshend, of this place of the many o's."

The horseman towered above Townshend now against the stars.

"Owes?" the rider repeated, joyously, "sounds like bills and mortgages. I beg your pardon. I'm Brown of the—ah—Blacks." He dismounted.

"Not the dashing white trooper of—"

"Of the dashed black troop. The same."

"But," Townshend stammered, "that voice, these bad jokes—Brown of nigger-hunting fame I've heard of—isn't it? My sainted aunt Jemima—Crackey Brown of—"

"My aunt, though; this budding squatter prince ain't old Jep Townshend?"

Mrs. Townshend came to the door to find the two men—lost to one another since their school-days—shaking hands and laughing idiotically in one another's face.

"Barbara," said Townshend, choking in his joy, and laying his hand upon her shoulder, "here's old Crackey Brown; he blackened my right eye, God bless him, fifteen years ago."

"Mr. Crackey Brown is very welcome all the same," she said; and Townshend hustled him into the lighted room.

He was the very pattern of a soldier, clear-eyed, clean-run, as fair as flax, tanned and splendidly healthy, with fearless, straight-looking blue eyes. His scarlet-edged uniform of rough serge, of the Native Police, showed up a figure lithe as a grayhound's; from his narrow shapely head to his spurred heel, every line and turn proclaimed the fighting Englishman.

The mere sound and sight of him sweetened the homestead instantly. As they bustled about to get him supper and a bed, Townshend, with an armful of blankets, met his wife, with a loaded

tray, on the gangway that led from house to kitchen. They pulled up short, and in the semi-darkness the eyes of each sent and accepted messages of repentance and reconciliation to the other. She held her tray aside and suddenly leaned against him, standing on tiptoe and holding up her face. As he kissed her she made the little murmur of contentment that he knew, but had not heard for many a day.

The three sat till it was very late and talked of England. Brown, though he had been tossed by the luck of roving Britons into a wild career—to command savages in making savage raids at an outpost of the Empire—was as changeless in his texture as a well-kept sword-blade. The wilderness had left no mark upon him, as it had upon the other two. Until the men were alone together the talk, inspired by Brown's look and voice, was as English as Piccadilly over the beautiful white cliffs of Dover.

Even after Barbara had left the two men were boys together for a while. Then the talk ran onward to the present; Townshend told his tale of stubborn fight to make and hold a cattle-run, and Brown praised and envied him as a man of grit and purpose, and planned a gorgeous future for Oontoonah; Brown told strange tales of his fights against marauding blacks, and Townshend's blood sang war-songs in his ears. What was the squatter's life but stagnation, he asked, with all the odds against him?

"I've sunk my last shilling, Crackey; yea, I'm borrowed to the neck. A couple of bad seasons—the bank turns rusty—and—good-night. Exit Jasper T., pioneer, enter some pot-bellied speculator. Yours is the better part, Crackey. Action; life going like a cavalry charge!"

"To what, Jep? Bankruptcy, by Jingo. No, worse; the likes of me pass on generally to rot in the Civil Service;

or grow a liver as police magistrate." He rose up and stretched himself, and yawned mightily. "Yah-ha-a-action, eh? Ouch! Is it well to talk of England, home and—" he stooped and shook Townshend by the shoulder, "and to see beauty face to face."

"Yes," Townshend said, quietly, "it is well."

Brown looked away into the darkness; the troopers' fire glowed now, sullenly, a crimson star. The men were silent for a space.

"To be sure," Brown said, briskly, "yes, it's a rum trade; oh, yes, I've had great times occasionally, but now, this seven months, I suppose, I've been overeating myself, and haven't seen the face of a warrigal nigger. It's seven months since I hunted the last lot in among the western side of the McCausland ranges, and I can't get word of a speared beast ever since. I drifted over here because some day soon these niggers'll leave the ranges—must be getting hungry—and most likely they'll give you a turn this time. If I don't see signs of 'em before long, I shall resign my commission and look for active work, pew-opening, for instance."

The smoke-pillar leapt suddenly into Townshend's memory, and he mentioned it.

Brown rattled off a fire of questions, and as Townshend's replies came short and to his liking, he jumped to his feet and softly did a war dance on the clay floor of the veranda.

"Ho!" he called, "I smell blood. Why in thunder didn't you—"

"Not so loud." Townshend stole to his wife's room—she lay as if in deepest slumber—he touched her hair ever so lightly with his lips, and returned to Brown.

"It's the first sign of Blacks we've had on Oontoona," he said; "I didn't know it meant anything particular."

"Well, it means this: 'Policemen no

come up here long time,' see? Oh, ho! there's sport ahead; I know it, gad-zooks, by the twitching of my trigger-finger. In the southwest, you say, near about your boundary? That's the eastern side, I take it, of the broken country that rises to the McCausland ranges in the west, where they front Bindool and Daryindie and Teneriffe, and all that lot of stations on the George River watershed? Very well; I've hunted 'em all along that country till they daren't show a nose outside the ridges. Now, you bet your best cabbage-tree hat that some of 'em have worked west, and my prophetic soul urged me along the very day they've turned up on your side. You'll soon find their trademark."

Long before daylight Townshend rose. He left a note for his wife, roused the stockman, to whom he assigned business to keep him all day about the homestead; and before the stars were off the sky he and Brown were ahorse and on the road, with six uniformed black troopers behind them. Each trooper had a carbine slung at his back and a cartridge-belt round him. They were full of glee, and gibbered and played pranks on one another incessantly.

"I'm generally supposed," Brown exclaimed, "to go alone, unbeknown to station-holders, and to carry out the Queen's regulations on the quiet. But with old schoolmates it's otherwise. You shall see the Australian adaptation of the verb 'to disperse,' if that smoke said true and we strike a hot trail."

By sunrise they were skirting the southwestern ranges, and still all the country wore its usual aspect of unbroken peace. Then, beyond a little scrubby promontory of the hills, a kite screamed in the morning stillness, and Townshend's horse rattled in his nostrils.

"Carrion," said Brown, as he sat up

and sniffed the air. They cantered forward.

Beyond the foot-hill, where a little sandy creek ran out of the ridges, there were three trodden, bloody patches in the grass; and on each were fresh-torn fragments of hide, bones with the flesh ripped from them, the scattered entrails and grinning head of a mutilated beast. Round each were broken spears. In the soft creek sand was a crowd of human tracks of all sizes—prints of broad, naked feet with spreading toes.

The black troopers dismounted and swarmed about the offal like hounds loosed on a trail. Townshend stood alone, and leaned his forehead against the horse's neck. He thought of his quiet, well-kept cattle—his pride and only wealth—tearing over the country in a panic; of all his patient work undone, and there was murder in his heart.

Brown stayed with the troopers till they had made their report to him. Then he came to Townshend with a broken spear-butt in his hand. "Got 'em," he said, and tapped the notched end of the spear; "here's the Western trade-mark; they haven't seen our tracks; think we troopers are away the other side of sundown. Settle the business before dark. Will you go or stay? I shall let loose"—he jerked his thumb behind him; the troopers were waiting and watching hungrily for the word to mount—"the dogs. It won't be pretty."

Brown's blue eyes were stone-hard, wide and set; in the hands of this man, vengeance would be driven home; but Townshend felt no touch of pity as he looked about him at the wantonness, and abroad, where panic must be spreading like a plague among his herd. "I'll come," he said, and mounted. Brown gave the word; the blue-shirted troopers spread away into the scrub, bending in their saddles, tacking across and across with a ferocious in-

tentness to pick up the trail. The white men rode behind.

The tracks were plain reading in the loose soil of the foot-hills; on the stony rises the troopers went afoot, still following the line of march by signs invisible to the whites. By noon they found where the cattle-killers had camped the night before, on a ridge above a solitary little rocky pool. There was damning evidence in lumps of charred and wasted meat about the ashes of the fires, and the column pushed on.

The ground became stonier, and the hills closed in about them; it grew choking hot, and though they moved among a wilderness of trees, each tree stood up lank and scant-leaved, barely flecked with shadow about its foot, so that the men toiled in broad sunshine. The ride became a crawl; the black troopers and the white one never spoke, never flagged, but tracked, and watched ahead with the nervous, tireless energy of terriers on the scent.

Townshend was left a stranger to this centredness of purpose, and misgiving touched him; abstracted, and with nameless doubts upon him of this mission of slaughter to which he had set his hand, he looked about him and ahead at the naked hungry wilderness of sterile granite and gray sapless trees all throbbing to the cruel sun, and a fear and doubting of he knew not what possessed him. The unflinching Brown and his wardogs had somehow become foreign to Townshend. Like a stab in the throat, a conviction seized him that something was amiss with his wife. But he kept his place doggedly, abreast of the soldierly, unpitiful Brown.

At last the horses were left, tied and close-hobbled, in what seemed like a last little amphitheatre of soil, and the troop went on afoot, carrying nothing but their arms and water-bags. The trail led them into the jaws of a narrow gorge, a very chaos of granite

bowlders that seemed, as they lay all red and quaking in the intolerable glare, as if about to dissolve and run down into a torrent of molten lava. Townshend's boots scorched him; the march resolved itself into an eternity of effort to climb noiselessly upward among the burning stones, and to gulp down enough scalding air to save his bursting heart. Then he felt Brown's hand upon him and looked up. The troop was halted; every head was lifted and aslant. Three hundred yards onward the barren ridges were cleft—it was the gully-head, and beyond the cleft, kites were wheeling and crying in the dazzling blue. As they looked and listened, a clear human sound broke out above the piping of the birds; it was a girl's laughter, and ended in a high note of pleasure. At a sign from Brown, every trooper unslung his carbine and loaded, and each put a spare cartridge between his teeth. Then, in extended line, they crept on again like cats.

Townshend lagged in a fury of compunction. The only sound of the enemy had come to him as a girl's laugh; yet Brown, as he turned to beckon the squatter into line, had the light of battle and a savage triumph in his sea-blue eyes. Townshend crept forward, and swore to himself no trigger should be drawn here.

No watch had been set. The blacks had passed the rocky crown, whence they must have seen their danger, and were cosily camped on a little patch of soil below. From between two tall boulders Townshend could see the whole company as if he looked from a gallery over a floor beneath. There must have been thirty little smouldering fires or white ash-heaps. Each fire apparently denoted a family party; by each was a little gunyah of boughs, and in each gunyah were the elders of the party. Many were coiled up in sleep, and many of the sleepers' heads were

gray; some were tending scraps of meat among the ashes; some were chipping patiently at the manufacture of wooden things and crooning softly to themselves; some sat in idle content; round about the tree nearest to each gunyah were the weapons of that party; and hung to the tree were grimy belongings, among which in every case were rudely hacked lumps of raw meat. And among the spaces of the camp a dozen naked, lithe-limbed boys darted and played like swallows. As Townshend watched, the same ripple and call of laughter he had heard before broke from a gunyah at some antic of the smallest player.

As Townshend took in the scene his hatred melted, he forgot his mission, he looked with a kindly hunger of curiosity and purely human interest. The soldier in him died; the lust for vengeance faded into mere pity. Where was the ruthless enemy that had lurked beneath that threatening smoke-pennon? Here, in the hollow of his hand, and he saw—what?

A brawny savage sat cross-legged and happy at the nearest gunyah; a woman slept beside him, and against her sat a small picaninny, who gazed out solemnly at the players. In a flash, Townshend seemed to see with the man's eyes. He was full-fed; here was food for the moment and for the morrow, killed in fair hunt—what did he know of the white man that had brought the cattle there, and was a trespasser? Here was his wife, curled in sleep beside him; he could see his big boy lusty at play; the smell of the wood-smoke was sweet; doubtless the police with their rifles were far away; the world was very well; he would doze awhile—he put out a hand and stroked the picaninny's shoulder.

Then Townshend remembered his errand, and came out of his dreaming with eyes of horror. Brown caught the look and read it for the nervousness of

a man at his first killing; he sent back a flinty smile. Townshend crept to him and whispered—"Brown! for God Almighty's sake—is this your fighting?—they're helpless, man!"

"So are your cattle, old chap. Steady's the word. I know your feelings—you'll be all right when you think it over. Stand by."

"You shall not!"—Townshend jumped to his feet—"I'll—"

It was the signal to fire.

The echoes of the hills bellowed in return to a volley from the rifles, and then walled an answer to the yell that broke up from the camp.

The blacks ran for life, empty-handed, in sheer brute terror, without a sound, leaping from stone to stone. The troopers followed, reloading as they ran.

But one old man, as he leapt to his feet, seemed to turn giddy; he clutched forward blindly with his hands, then fell across a heap of ashes and embers, and lay still; he sent up a white cloud as he fell. One of the boys was hit in full career at play; he crawled a pace or two, dragging a shattered leg, then lay down in the open, and a crimson stain spread round him.

Of the nearest group that Townshend had been watching, the man fell forward quietly on his face and hardly moved, the gin started up to run with the rest, but turned, and Townshend could see the look in her eyes as she put one hand to her side and stretched the other towards the picaninny. The child ran to her; she sank down and knelt by him; he clambered up her shoulders and sat astride her neck, clasping his hands about her forehead, ready to be lifted up and carried off. But the mother did not rise; still she sank till the picaninny was left standing. The woman crawled by inches till she could touch the dead man's head. At last she lay outstretched; the fingers of one hand were twisted in

the man's hair—the other arm was curled about the picaninny sitting by her shoulder.

At the first volley Brown had run with the troopers; Townshend saw the revolver-muzzle smoking in his hand. He watched without moving till all but the picaninny lay still. The dropping shots and the shouts of the troopers gradually ceased, and Townshend was left in silence, except for a tiny wailing from the picaninny, who plucked at his mother's fingers and beat softly on her body.

Townshend drew near the child unheard; the rocks and trees swam before him; he put out a foot to save himself from falling; the picaninny heard him and ceased his crying, and looked round.

The two gazed at one another in a long moment of silence; then the child stood up and held two tiny hands, orange-colored on the palms, above his head, in token of unarmed surrender. Townshend sat down before him and sobbed as men sob—dry-eyed.

The two were still facing one another when Brown came in sight, unheard by either. He was filling his pipe and called out heartily, "Feel sick, old chap? Lots do, first go off. Be all right when you get a—hallo! now what blasted nigger shot this gin?"

Brown had noticed the picaninny's dead mother, and had not observed Townshend's silence and his aged and narrowed face. The picaninny cowered down and clung about the neck of the dead woman as Brown came towards him.

Then the officer made a tour of the deserted camp, examined the bodies as he filled and lighted his pipe, and called out to Townshend cheerful remarks on what he noticed, and broken accounts of the pursuit of the blacks down the gorge. To follow and "disperse" niggers, all in open day, was, he exulted, a "record." Townshend an-

swered nothing, but sat and gazed at the picaninny.

One by one the black troopers gathered in. They were in great glee; they came and stood or sat about Townshend and the child as a centre of interest. The picaninny cowered closer against the dead body; when a trooper came near he glared at the man like a hunted beast; his head flattened like a snake's.

"Wake up, Jep!" said Brown, and slapped Townshend on the shoulder. You'll call this a fine day's work some day when you have broken the youngster in for a stockman."

"It's paying dear for labor, Brown."

"Rot, man! Do you remember how you felt when you found your cattle mauled, and thought of the consequences?"

"I remember."

"There will be no more of that, then; you'll bless this day's work inside a fortnight."

"I shall be ashamed of this day as long as I live."

Brown flourished his pipe impatiently. "If I didn't know your pluck, Jep, and that you were upset for a minute, I should call that croaking. That's the sort of rot, begging your pardon, that stands in the way of conquest."

Townshend held out a hand towards the picaninny and the dead parents. He tried to repeat the word—it stuck in his throat.

The child ran to Townshend and closed its little fists round two of the fingers held out towards him. Brown swore vehemently at a trooper for laughing.

Townshend stooped down and stroked the picaninny's shoulder; it was velvety soft, and he made no resistance when the white man lifted him in his arms. When the party moved away towards the horses, the child looked back once at his mother and gave his monotonous little cry, then settled him-

self confidently against Townshend's shoulder. He would let no other touch him.

* * * * *

On the previous night Barbara Townshend had retired in a happy exhilaration. In the inspiring presence of the young police officer she freshened, glowed, expanded like a rose in sunshine. In bed she even cried a little, quietly, not at all in bitterness, or in longing for the irrevocable past that had been awakened suddenly; but in sorrow for her strange unlovingness, and with a healing sense of fortitude upon her. The tears refreshed her; they came to prove the strictured soul was stirring wholesomely again within her. Hope had revived; the future beckoned; life on Oontoona was no more to be a crushing affair that called merely for endurance. She planned, penitently, many healthful resolutions that the suffocating cloud upon her life and love—so happily dispersed—was to descend no more.

Then, as she was drifting happily into slumber, the men's voices reached her, and her heart went cold when she heard vaguely of blood and blacks and cattle-spearing. But she shrank from starting upon this more hopeful chapter of her life, that was to date from this night, by showing foolish fears—she was to be a real helpmeet to her husband now—and so, when he came and stood above her and kissed her hair, she was not asleep, but fighting down the impulse to cling about his neck and tell him she was wildly, horribly afraid.

She heard no more, but lay throttling the terror that had so suddenly replaced her new-found happiness. In the very effort to keep herself rigid in thought and limb, lest she should play the coward, she slept and woke no more until the morning.

Jasper's note, the quietness about the homestead, and the stockman's clumsy

and mysterious manner, began a strange day for Barbara. The muteness that had lain so long upon her had broken up; she was full of longings and wild fears, and insupportable restlessness. The empty vastness out of doors drove her within; she was no sooner in the house than she could have screamed out in terror; for her fear persuaded her that, through the long grass and ambushed in the river-bed, pitiless, uncouthly weaponed savages were closing in upon the homestead. And so, round and about, her nameless terrors hunted her.

It was high noon; she had eaten nothing, and was bending distractedly above the poor little bundle of sewing, listening abroad; full of sympathy for the dumb Barbara of yesterday, who had engaged in such pitiful futility; and yet wringing a sweet prophecy from it, too, and fingering the baby-clothes longingly—when she heard a distant rushing in the grass, and many great moanings, and felt the earth tremble.

When the stockman came and called her, he found no trembling, frightened girl, but a woman, steady and serene, armed with her husband's rifle; the thimble was on one of the fingers that were round the rifle-stock as she stood as if on guard, above the dainty litter of her sewing.

She came with him to the stockyard, and even helped him to put up the rails upon fifty terrified cattle that were surging and huddling there—panting, foaming, hollow-flanked and terror-driven, like the wing of a routed army. Several beasts had smears of blood upon their ribs; and in one corner a young cow had fallen. Her eyes were glazing in death; six inches of a jagged broken spear protruded from her ribs, and her calf stood off and bellowed frantically to her. Barbara—large-eyed and very white, but very firm—looked on while the stockman ended the brute's agony with a knife thrust in her neck.

* * * * *

Darkness had fallen before Townshend drew near the homestead; the troopers stopped by their camp at the river; the squatter and police officer rode on to the house. The night was still and serene, and in the east a young moon swung low and shone a sulky red-gold. Townshend was tired to the heart and his bones ached, but the picaninny was sleeping quietly on his arm. He was dully, strangely ill at ease.

There was no light showing, and the stockman was posted by the track fifty yards from the house. Townshend pulled up and flung a question at him.

The man showed an untidy outline. His thumbs were in his belt; his face glowed crimson and faded thrice above his pipe-bowl, and he sent three clouds of smoke out and upward in the stagnant air before he spoke. The face looked wildly puzzled. "She's—the Missis is—"

"Speak, you blazing idiot! Dead? Say it!"

"No—queer. That's what she is. It was like this—I took away the gun," called after Townshend.

A gray figure was standing perfectly still in the doorway. Townshend dismounted softly, still with the sleeping child on his right arm.

"Barbara," he said, quietly. "Barbara."

"Who is it?" a strange voice answered him. "Something's planned quite tight round my head."

He put his hand upon her forehead, then round her neck and drew her towards him. "Come, Barbara, it's Jasper, you know. And it's all right."

She came to him and he saw her in the dimness, looking for an instant wild and strange. Then, as though in the depths of her something had loosened, broken and melted, he saw the Barbara he had known aforetime. She clung to him sobbing and crying passionately.

Presently, the first intensity of her sobbing past, and though her face was still hidden against his neck, her hands began to wander over him, pressing him fondly here and there. In doing so she touched the little naked body of the picaninny. She raised herself up with a strange, wild cry.

He tried to hold it from her, to explain; but she would hear nothing, and followed him, holding out both hands and staring hungrily at the child.

"A child—give it me, quick! Give it me, Jasper!"

"Barbara," he said, blunderingly—"it's black—and motherless. We mustn't hurt—"

"Hurt? Motherless? Oh you—. Give me the child!" She stamped her foot.

There was something imperious in the demand; he handed her the sleeping creature. She clutched it fiercely, and seemed to crush it to her breast; yet it was taken and held with such unerring gentleness, that the picaninny merely opened two large sleepy eyes and closed them again. Then he snuggled against her neck and went to sleep again.

Barbara laughed and sobbed at once for joy. She rubbed her cheek on the picaninny's shoulder; she took one of the fat little arms and pressed it round her neck; she nibbled at the child here and there with her lips. And all the

The Cornhill Magazine.

time she swung herself from foot to foot with a cradling, motherly movement.

Brown, who had withdrawn, came back; the two men stood together in amazement. She looked up at them presently, and laughed a deep-chested happy laugh, and fled, hugging the picaninny to her.

The two men stood alone for a while, saying nothing. By and bye they stole guiltily within; Townshend lit the lamp and they foraged, still exchanging scarcely a word, for something to eat.

An hour later Townshend crept quietly back from his wife's room.

"They're asleep," he whispered, "dead asleep, cuddled up together, black and white. It's been a strange day, Crackey. Let's go out and smoke."

They went forth. The illimitable downs were white beneath the moon. The two men lay in the grass and watched the smoke-clouds poise and vanish in the dewless, windless night. But they found little to say to one another.

* * * * *

That was the first and last "dispersal" of the blacks on Townshend's cattle-run. The picaninny lived to be a stockrider there; and within a year of the picaninny's coming a child was born at the Oontoona homestead.

Herbert C. Macilwaine.

WORK AND REST ARE BOTH BUILDERS,

O brother-toller, when my heart was dried,
I had this grace—to smile, and stand aside,
And lo! my work went forward in the dark,
As doth a meadow's in the growing tide.

Frederick Langbridge.

BEHIND THE PURDAH.*

I.

A straggling building with a spiked gateway, sadly out of repair, and needing manipulation in the opening, as it led through a bare courtyard to a portico that did its best to be imposing,—such was your introduction to the royalty of Balsnigh Rai, of an Indian principality. And if indeed the iron and mortar had failed to impress you, there was always the chance that the ill-dressed, ill-drilled guard would excite what was lacking in the sentiment.

But there was time for a regular series of impressions to lounge through your unoccupied mind. The opium-eating courtiers around his magnificent Highness believed in admitting you to the presence in detachments, as it were. The more abject you felt, the more likely was it that you would appreciate their pinchbeck glories; and you sat on in the *darbar* vehicle, the two lean horses foaming with the drive from the guest-house, under the weight of a not too modern chariot and a harness patched up with strips of soiled rag or old packing-cord. Along the unwashed stone verandahs were disposed *dirzies* (tailors), of varying capacity. Their chief sat holding some cheap Manchester print between the toes of his right foot, the while he clicked the unerring steel of the workman whose craft had come to him, like his existence, from his immediate antecedents. Curious garments they were which he cut, loose, shapeless coats with tight interminable sleeves; and he threw them now to this, now to that

subordinate, who whipped a long piece of cotton off a small white ball, and requisitioned both toes and fingers while he helped the creation of the coats through the next stage, preparatory to the operations of the large important man at the sewing-machine. Yes, a veritable sewing-machine it was, and the colony and the State were rightly proud of it.

Before you look further, you should note the way the men work. 'Tis non-Western, topsy-turvy, the needle pulled away from you, and travelling therefore, from left to right of the seam, instead of *vice versa*. In a group by themselves sit the gold and silver embroiderers, lean men with keen faces and bent backs. They sit on the floor cross-legged, and the most beautiful designs grow under circumstances and with the aid of implements primitive to a degree. Beside each worker lies the bullion (gold and silver in tiny spangles or delicate wire lengths) in some rough receptacle, an old newspaper, perhaps, or the contents of your waste-paper basket. The design is chalked out on the velvet or satin; and he sews the bullion on to this, running the sharpest of needles through the wire, which he has first snipped to the size required. The manipulation of that mass of glittering gold and silver becomes fascinating,—but here is Chunital the herald. Miss Rebecca Yeastman, the lady-doctor, through whose spectacles we have been looking, is summoned to the *darbar*-room.

Tall is Miss Rebecca, and spare, and angular. As she alights, her *châtelaine*

* *Purdah*, a veil or curtain, and especially a curtain screening women from the sight of men; the phrase is equivalent to *Zenana*, the women's apartments as distinct from the men's. "Native ladies look upon the confine-

ment behind the *purdah* as a badge of rank, and also as a sign of chastity, and are exceedingly proud of it." *LIFE IN THE MOFUSSIL*, by an Ex-Civillian. Two volumes, 1878.

jingles ominously. Have you ever noticed how much personality there is in a jingle? There is the cheerful jingle of the maiden of seventeen, an inviting tintinnabulation, saying,—"I am coming, play with me, laugh with me, waste as many precious minutes as you dare!" There is the decided resonant clash of the elderly matron: "I have come," it says, "to set things straight;"—don't you hear the sound? Then lastly there is the mean between the two; the confident, active jingle of the woman of business, not enticing, but yet not jarring, just pleasantly negative. "I know not what your work may be, but I've come to do mine, and to do it well;" and at the sound all idlers despise themselves, and slink into unseen corners. In India there is a further jingle, the jingle of the domestic, "rings on her fingers, bells on her toes;" but her ditty is,—"*This is my bank! my bank! In this showy, noisy form I carry my savings.*"

Rebecca Yeastman was of the third category, and the tallors instinctively sat the more upright as she passed them, and sleepy Hurl, in the corner, rubbed his eyes, and cracked his toes, and fell vigorously to his tacking.

Not a whit bashful was she, as she followed her guide up the marble staircase; the outlook was improving, but her environment very seldom affects a woman of Rebecca's calibre. For so self-possessed, brisk a person her walk was a surprise; 'twas rather like a camel's,—head protruding, steps long and halting—but it did still suggest dogged steadfastness of purpose; and she was a thoroughly good creature, every faculty of her, of that you might be certain.

"Lady Sahib will wait here," said the man. "Ranee Sahib have not yet had permission to receive. Rajah Sahib has the white mark on his forehead, will not finish the service of the holy Vishnu

for an hour or more. No one will disturb the lady."

An hour or more! the practical soul of the woman of business abhorred the long vacuity; however, she had resources within possible reach. From a capacious pocket she produced some feminine filigree occupation, and ran the ivory bobbin in and out under the vigilant *pince-nez*.

Presently it occurred to her that it might be as well to put together her impressions of the room. A comprehensive glance sufficed. "Plush and broken crockery!" she said, with her characteristic grunt, and as her eyes wandered back to the bobbin, she intercepted the steady scrutiny of a pair of black eyes. They were not, by any means, a nice pair of eyes, long, narrow, a little quizzical, wholly wily and untrustworthy,—hall-marked *spy*. Rebecca Yeastman was certainly not sensitive, or she would have realized earlier that behind almost every curtain lurked some such watcher, soft-footed, noiseless, wakeful. However, this particular inspection in no way disconcerted her; neither annoyance nor curiosity, even the most fleeting, varied the immobility of her face; and, albeit she knew it not, it was to this fact that she owed the termination of her vigil. The old harridan, who directed affairs behind the *purdah*, carried back a favorable verdict. "She'll do," she said. "She's as ugly as the toad which croaks in the pond yonder; and she can keep a secret, or may the Gods forever still my lying tongue!"

It was this old woman, Parbathi herself, who went back for her; and she led her through such dark, intentionally devious passages, that Rebecca, though excellent at locality, could never tell whether or not the room she finally entered were in the same building as the one she had left.

The sight which greeted her was sufficiently new and engrossing. The room

was large and square with windows too high for purposes of outlook, and closely barred against all use as ventilators. On the floor was a gaudy Western carpet, stamped, literally as well as intrinsically, as cheap German merchandise. In the centre of the room stood a high silver bedstead, hung with opaque curtains, which were evidently not intended as security against mosquitoes, for those musical creatures buzzed among the heavy folds with appreciative contentment. On the floor sat women of varying ages, some shaven, and without ornament, others caparisoned gaily enough; all in the rich dark reds and blues of the Kathiawad *saree*. They were moving their bodies to and fro to a monotonous Gregorian wail, which ceased not for the entrance of the intruder. Parbathi pointed to the bed, and Rebecca approached, being constrained to submit for lack of language, else her initiatory activities would certainly have been devoted to the extrusion of the noise and the introduction of some fresh air.

When her eyes had adapted themselves to the want of light, what she saw in no way alarmed her medical instincts. Among tumbled bed-clothes, rich silks, and cheap cotton sheets, lay, fully dressed and bejewelled, a smug, sleek, decently-featured Indian lady. Her skin was beautifully smooth, and under her lashes were the accustomed artificial shadows, the material *absit omen* of the nation. One plump hand lay lazily across the clothes, and you saw that the nails were well-kept and dyed with the brilliant *mendhi*; the other hand was coiled pettishly round the short thick neck.

"Billious," said Rebecca. Parbathi did not understand, but she saw that the doctor was not impressed by the heinousness of the disease, and she poured out volleys of jargon, waving her hands in wild gesticulation. Then,

growing helpless at the sight of Rebecca's calm and sane proceedings,—the matter of fact feeling of the pulse, the unceremonious lift of the eye-lid, the business-like production of tablet and pencil for the composition of a suitable tonic—it dawned on her that a communicating tongue was what she wanted; and she darted out to secure old Prubhu Das, the domestic secretary, and the one male, save the Rajah, who was allowed access to this end of the palace. Prubhu Das was just behind the door, watching, and was therefore soon produced. He was a spare, fleshless Hindu, clad in flowing robes over which he wore a long white coat. On his head was a slight black cap, from out of which had escaped the wiry grey top-knot, the sign occipital of his Brahminism; and as he bowed and genuflected to the lady, this odd little termination bobbed in the most ludicrous way against the rest of his clean-shaven head. For you must know that Brahmins grow a capillary oasis there alone, where most Westerners are innutritive in old age.

"Your honor," he said, "your Monstrosity, your Magniloquence, learned in the English Æsculapianisms! in this poor house we, prince of the people, are your dusty slaves!" Here he paused, to leer deprecatingly and express factually his grovelling obsequiousness.

"Humph!" said Rebecca "you know English I suppose? Well then, this lady has nothing the matter with her which cannot be cured by bestirring herself. She is bilious,—that is all—the rest is imagination. Here is a tonic, and I have also noted directions as to diet, air, and exercise. These windows ought to be open, and all these howling women turned out. Do you hear?"

Prubhu Das was the most delightful pantomime possible. There he stood, slightly inclining forward, his hands clasped in agonized supplication, his

eyes blinking twenty to the second, and at every few words spoken he jerked his head towards the doctor, opening his mouth in a gape which was meant to convey a combination of assent and astonishment. Then he spoke; the occasion was serious, and his speech matched it.

"Lady not diagnosticate good, right way. Ranee Sahib not bile; Ranee Sahib poison. You see old Mother Thekrani wear widow's cloth. She cobra-minded, breeze in her brain. She make poison ready. Cook sweetmeats, in sweetmeats hide poison. Ranee eat sweetmeat, now sick, tomorrow die. Rajah Sahib carry her on litter, make her ashes. Mother Thekrani too much wicked. Doctor Lady give certificate, write Ranee Sahib die poison." He gasped, exhausted with such direct speaking, for his mind was tortuous and abhorred a straight line.

"Nonsense!" was the retort. "The lady is no more poisoned than I am when I eat too much dinner." But Prubhu Das's next move was more practical. The doctor was presented with a quantity of food alleged to have been eaten by the Ranee, neatly bottled and sealed in accordance with local police-instructions on the subject—what an amount of study those rules had cost the old man!—and, albeit denying any connection between the food and the royal lady, Rebecca promised to investigate and report the next day. She chuckled gleefully as she carried off her prize; poisons were her special subject, and she had hardly dared to hope that an introduction to the Indian type would be so soon afforded her. The report she wrote before she slept, in the large chandelier-lighted drawing-room of the guest-house. It was brief enough; the food contained poison sufficient to have extinguished instantly the entire nine lives of the most vital cat. She added an unsolicited rider on the impossibility of the Ranee's having par-

taken of this concoction, and of the equal absurdity of connecting the Thekrani with any such deep-laid scheme. But the perspicuity of her arguments appealed not to the Durbar. There was poison in the food, so much was certain; therefore the old Thekrani (who had not even the most remote connection with the royal kitchen) must be treated as a criminal at the domestic tribunal.

II.

Not far from Gower Street station, in a comparatively quiet corner of the city of London, stands a great block of modern red brick. You are back again in the haunts of civilization now, and you press the button to summon the accustomed porter. He comes promptly, and you follow him up a flight of steps, which beam upon you in the unmistakable cleanliness of English soap and water. "Miss Marion Mainwaring? This way, No. 17," says the stout custodian of the Women Students' Chambers, Chenies Street; and he retires with a salute, leaving you to your own resources.

It looks like a student's room, and a woman's. Prints of Rubens and Nicolo Poussin, of Cuyp and William Hunt, of Burne-Jones and Rossetti Madonnas and bachannal orgies, Dutch sunsets and beggar-boys, hang, in impartial selection and appropriate setting, against the Morris-papered walls. One end of the room is lined with deep-browed tomes, of a scientific and medical aspect; a writing-table in the spacious bow-window betrays an air of recent requisition; softly-cushioned lounges invite to unstudious repose; within easy reach are picture-papers and the latest poem. The mantel-piece is laden with the pretty yellow jonquil; and a copper kettle is just beginning to simmer on the pleasantly crackling fire, beside which sits the tall, dark, strong-

featured owner of these varied tastes. She reads sheets of closely written foreign paper, and you,—you creep behind her and look over her shoulder.

I.

Kathlawad, November, 1896.

Well, Marion,

For all brainless, unjust atrocities commend me to sleek, globulous Rajahs of Indian principalities! You will remember the story of the poisoned comfits, and how excited I was at the possibility of investigating an Indian poison so early in my life here? I had such visions of collecting useful data for the old Octopian in the dear laboratory round which my affections still hover. But, alack, my pride is turned to remorse! The immediate result of my report is that they suspect a poor old widowed ex-Queen of an attempt to poison one of her grandson's wives, and she is expelled the palace, bereft of all that might, by any possibility, help her to keep herself in fairly decent comfort elsewhere. I expect the fact was that the young Ranees disliked the old one, and plotted this device for ridding themselves of her supervision. They tell me she has taken refuge in the house of a former maid, and I mean to go and see her, and hear more of her history.

No! I have not plagued myself with vain regrets, as you'd have done; not, at least, after a quiet sane consideration of the matter. Why should I prick my fingers with the thorns which other people gather? You will know, however, that I did not omit my best persuasions with the Prince, useless as I could not help feeling that they were at the time.

Meanwhile, to me personally the Rajah has been kindness itself. This is only a moderately sized State, and is not very remarkable for natural or artificial charms. The country round about is cotton-picking and flat. I rath-

er liked seeing the small sparsely-clad children (wearing nought but their hair, you know.), helping their mothers pick cotton under the bright Indian skies. But the cotton factories, with their tall unpicturesque chimneys, are an unpleasantly civilized suggestion. Among the arrangements planned for my amusement was a play by a strolling company. The palace has a theatre, but the night was so sultry that the performance transferred itself to an impromptu stage out in the open. 'Twas a strange unforgettable sight, lighted as it was by flaming torches, burning weirdly under the glowering sky. In the foreground sat the Rajah on his gemmed throne, richly jewelled and gaily robed; behind was a throng of fierce black-mustachioed attendants, and closing up round the royal personage an impenetrable guard. Even among his own people he is not safe. They say that at night he sleeps, literally, under drawn swords, two particularly trusty servitors keeping guard, like angels with extended wings, at the head of his bed.

The stage arrangements were rough enough, and the play in parts, I am told, quite impossible; but ignorance of the language stood me in stead of an expurgated edition. 'Twas a pantomimic skit on the administration of justice by the young civillan. A florid Englishman (the mask was really good) sits at a camp table, holding his migratory court upon a criminal charged with murdering his wife. As he does not yet know the language, he works through an interpreter.

Magistrate. How old was your wife?
Criminal. Ten years.

Interpreter. (*Knowing the minority of the victim will heighten the heinousness of the crime to a civilized mind.*) He says, Sir, she was an old woman of some sixty-five years.

Magistrate. An old woman! Where's the corpse?

Interpreter. Now burnt, some twelve months since your Honor's last visit to this Zillah. Prisoner keeping in gaol all the time. But ashes in Prisoner's wallet. Your Honor inspect?

Magistrate. How old is the Prisoner?

Criminal. Twenty-five years.

Interpreter. (*Interpreting again to fit his own ideas of what is best.*) Prisoner same age as late corpse, your Honor, but looking very young. Vishnu God, salt preserve his life.

Magistrate. (*Whose eyes are opened by this blatant falsehood.*) Hang the man,—to morrow, five A.M.!

The moral of it all seems to be, when you do stoop to lying, take care that the lies have at least some semblance of plausibility.

The second half of the evening was devoted to conjuring tricks, at which local jugglers are really unsurpassable. I hear that these jugglers are a caste by themselves, and are a most interesting people, clannish and unapproachable. To their own caste they are exceedingly kind. A juggler's portionless widow becomes the care of the whole community; his daughters are married at their joint expense, and his sons are taught the trade by the cleverest juggler among them. As a result a woman is oftener in best case when widowed. Is it not strange that this should happen in the country where widowhood has always been shown us in the saddest colors? Truly is this a land of anomalies!

But to return,—a custom you would have enjoyed was the evening lamp-lighting. When the sun drops, the torch-bearers congregate at the palace-gates, and run in a body, bearing flaming pines in their hands, to salute, at the chief entrance to the palace, the reigning King. He is called by all the titles which his country and the Empress bestow upon him, and by all the high-sounding flatteries which the Eastern tongue and loyal subjects can de-

vise. Then the chief torch-bearer lights the lamps in the entrance-hall, till which is done not a single spark must relieve the darkness of the palace. Should there be a Prince living in his own separate palace, the ceremony is repeated for him. It was all so strange and oriental, I think it is one of my nicest memories of this place.

I hear I may visit the old Thekrani to morrow, so you shall have news of her when next I write.

P. S. What do the ladies do all day, you ask. Quarrel? No, they are too lethargic for any such activity. Most of them turn over and fondle their lovely jewels and silk garments. One Ranee has taken a violent passion for the concertina. She has about a hundred of them in all sizes, and by all makers, but refuses to be taught how to handle the instrument in the conventional way. As she is energetic about playing, you can imagine the consequence. I no longer wonder that about half a mile divides the King's apartments from the *zenana*.

II.

Kathlawad, December, 1896.

Oh, my dear Marion,

Such a hovel it is which houses the poor old Thekrani! A great gateway, built for offence and defence does indeed frown threateningly at the public road, and is officered by a custodian equally forbidding and imposing. But, oh the sordid poverty behind the wicket! Two small rooms are all the house contains. In one live the maid and her family, all devoted to the Thekrani and counting themselves happy to be serving her; the other is at the Thekrani's own disposal, but she lives mostly on the little veranda. Here I found her dressed in a spotless white cloth, seated on the floor, poring, with the bedimmed vision of her eighty-four years, over an illumined Sanskrit text.

The little gray squirrels ran about her unabashed, hiding in the folds of her draperies, and perching on her shoulder,—a striking contrast. But, ugh!—the mice ran about too, equally privileged, and you will understand how apprehensive these made me feel. In the yard just beyond are tethered the great unsightly buffaloes, and the dwarfed Indian cows, which provide not only the chief food, but also the only income of the small household. The incarnate pathos of it rises to your mind as you look at the old woman! I wish one could help her. She takes things with a large equanimity, however, saying, as they all say in this country, "It is my fate!"

Her jewels have long since been transmuted into coin, one beautiful uncut diamond alone remaining. Should nothing else happen to help her, she will use this to accomplish the final journey of her life. It is such an odd idea. When she feels death near (her horoscope will date the feeling), she will start, however feeble, on a pilgrimage to the sacred Ganges, which, you must know, is many hundred miles distant from this place. She will take with her the ashes of her son and daughter, having vowed that these should mingle with the sacred fluid. "If I reach the Ganges," she explained, "after throwing in these two little bags and saying the necessary prayers, I will lay me down on the bank and die. Subbree, my faithful maid, will see that all that is necessary is done for my poor frame. This alone is now my care in life."

Of the Rajah she speaks with difficulty. Yet she did tell me how he wrested from her all her possessions, and indeed he still withholds her allowance, month by month as it falls due, but she is quite sure that with the gods there will be retribution for him, and she wastes no human vengeance.

Her ejection from the palace must

Macmillan's Magazine.

have been picturesque. It was intended that this should be a final translation; and to this end, with some show of an attempt at reconciliation, was sent her the loveliest of garments. But the old maid, skilled in the poisons of native States, warned her, only just in time, that to wear it would be to prepare her body against cremation. I have a piece of it now, a valued possession. Falling fraud, they had recourse to force. Imagine it all! The breathless, dark night; the swift stealthy steps of the harridan, as she comes to bind her victim, preventing all possible outcry by a tent-peg wedged in between the poor, toothless jaws; the noiseless race (tyranny against helplessness!) through the deserted streets; the secretive palanquin revealing nothing concerning its burden—and, finally the ruthless desertion outside the city gates! Here she would have fared very badly indeed, but that a kind-hearted palanquin-bearer had given up his place at the poles to the ubiquitous maid, who took her to the house where I found her. . . . And to think that all this time the Rajah was entertaining me, to lull my suspicions and keep me off enquiry! I *am* an oaf, and could weep with vexation!

III.

Kathiawad, May, 1897.

Do you remember the old Thekrani, and her pitiful story? I have just heard that a few months after I said good-bye to her, she felt the death-call and went her pilgrimage. Her vitality lasted the distance of the sacred river, and she omitted nothing of all she had vowed. But that was a week ago, and she lies in a trance now on the treeless sand-banks, responsive to neither the fierce sun by day, nor the brilliant stars by night. Can't you see it all? And the eternal river flows by, cold, majestic, unheeding!

Cornelia Sorabji.

THE SIRENS.

From no grim ancient headland blossom-crowned,
Seen ever through a fleeting foamy vell,
No lineless sand that girds the bay around
Where the wind's threats and clamors pause and fall,
But from the green trough of the surges, sound
The Sirens' voices in a landward hail,
Far out where wind and wave play lustily,
And draw the hearts of landsmen to the sea.

Of old the Sirens promised peace and rest
To men with many a weary league forlorn,
And cot and vineyard on the land's kind breast
For heaving deck and sail storm-lashed and torn,
For the black barren crag where sea-winds nest
Fair slopes of joyous grass and fields of corn,
Earth's brides and roses in a sheltered vale
For the cold weed and sea-nymphs lank and pale.

But we whom careless fate in life has set
Like ships becalmed beneath a windless sky,
Who, wrapped in irksome ease, still chafe and fret
While void of noble deeds the days go by,
Who hate the listless hours and claim the debt
Life owes to Youth while yet his blood is high—
What promise wedded to what melodies
Hear we to draw our hearts across the seas?

Songs that the shock of meeting waves repeat,
Splash of the spray, hiss of the plunging prow,
Roar of the trade winds going with steady feet,
Glamor of tropic coasts and fields of snow,
And of the line where sky and water meet
Past which lies all the world to see and know—
Through these with smile austere looks Danger's face
Charming our hearts to draw to her embrace.

Lured by the chant, the ancient sailor found
Death waiting on the green melodious shore,
The sweet song swelled to triumph as he drowned,
And the tides roll his bones forevermore.
He knew not; but we know the voices sound
That sing to us, beside Death's very door.
Yet while our blood is young, come Death or no,
The Sirens call and call—and we must go.

A HILL-TOP FUNERAL.

To every dweller on the Little Mountain there comes a day when his neighbors, far and near, make their arrangements with him and him alone, in their thoughts. Up to that moment he may have been one of the most insignificant among them, one of the least regarded among the gray emmets which move over the naked fields as you look down upon the country from some bald, rocky height; but to him, on that day, the most pressing business, the most enticling pleasure, must give way. For him, as the season may run, the plough will stand still in mid-furrow; for him the precious hay will be uncarried on upland pastures, though gusty blasts whistle down the rocky valleys and moan round the gray stone of the hill-top cairn, and the wild cry of sea-birds flocking inland comes down the wind, and storm is near; for him, the scanty corn will lie unbound in the yellow sunshine, though days are shortening and autumn is dying fast.

Yet this situation is not exempt from the irony of things. On the day that the mountain to a man waits upon him, he will be unconscious of it all, for it will be the day of his funeral. Many customs have waned, many old ceremonials have fallen upon neglect and evil days, but the funeral to which the whole countryside gathers, still flourishes in the remoter parts of Wales as vigorously as ever; it is easily the greatest function in peasant and yeoman life.

A Welsh funeral begins, as it were, the night before, when a religious service is held at the house of the deceased person. This is usually fixed for half-past six in the evening, and about five o'clock small knots of men begin to cross the mountain towards the church.

Their task is to fetch the bier, and when enough have gathered to form a small procession they start from the church to the house carrying the bier in turns. The bier is set in the middle of the living-room, the coffin placed upon it, a service held around it, and then friends and neighbors disperse until the next day.

Towards midday, then, on the morrow, you set off to attend the main function. The mountain is full of spurs or ridges, and the house lies almost for a certainty in a deep hollow for sake of shelter. As you cross the last ridge you pause for a moment to survey the country.

On every side you see people converging on the place, the nearer of them tiny, dark figures, sharp against the gray of the mountain, the farther mere dots, but all dropping down the encircling hillsides and running together to fall into the little black pool of people which surrounds the whitewashed farmhouse and its knot of wind-beaten trees. You push on and slip into the throng yourself. Everything is very quiet. A faint voice comes to your ears through the open window of the kitchen, and you know that some one is preaching there, but you do not move towards the sound; the house has been packed long ago. Not a tithe of the concourse could get in or even near the window, and you see long lines of brown-faced men clad in the dark mountain homespun and seated quietly under the hedgerows or leaning against the dry-stone, lichen-spotted walls and whispering to each other, for on these occasions one-half of the countryside meets the other half and has much to say. You also lean leisurely over a wall and survey the scene. The part of

the farmyard before the house has been kept clear, and is neatly swept, but the lower end is filled with vehicles and saddle-horses, for many people have ridden or driven long distances to be present. After a while there is a stir about the door, and the women begin to stream out. Upon this the whispering men, and those who have gone farther away to talk more freely, cease their conversation and cluster together and move into the yard. Now all eyes are fixed on the door, and presently the coffin is borne out shoulder-high. It is fastened firmly to the bier, and the latter is carried by four mourners, and these are always the four nearest male relations of the deceased. The bier is set down in the middle of the yard, and the whole crowd, for whom there is now plenty of room, gather round in a close-packed ring. The officiating minister gives out one of the fine hymns of which there is such a noble store in Welsh, and they sing—ah, how they sing!

This hymn is called "emyn cyn codl," the "hymn before lifting," because at its close the body will be lifted and set down no more till the church is reached. As the hymn dies away the men begin to move steadily off, and the women stand on one side, and the four who carried out the bier receive it once more on their shoulders. It is theirs to carry their dead the first stage away from home, it is theirs to carry the last stage to the church and set the bier down before the altar, it is theirs to carry from the church to the grave. For the rest they walk immediately behind the coffin, and the bier is borne in turns by the friends and neighbors who have gathered to pay this last token of regard.

You will observe that as the men move off they form in ranks of four abreast; you will also see that these ranks are formed on a principle, and this is that any given four are much of a size;

four tall men walk together, four short men drop into line. This is for convenience when their turn comes to carry the bier, any marked inequality in height among the bearers resulting in great awkwardness and uneasiness over the rough broken roads and steep slopes lying between us and the churchyard. When every man has dropped into his rank and stepped away with slow, regular stride, the four mourners, shouldering the bier, follow, and now the women prepare to march. They walk behind the coffin, and, as they have not to carry, their ranks are not formed with the exactness of the men's. After them the vehicles move forward in single file, and finally, the horsemen fall in, usually two abreast, and bring up the rear. Thus it will be seen that the bearers are all before the coffin, the non-bearers all behind it. Everything has been reduced to an exact system, and the labor of bearing—no slight task under a heavy load over rough country—is distributed to a nicety among the marching column. At the head of the procession walks the man to whom this duty is entrusted, usually a patriarch of the mountain, whose bowed shoulders are no longer equal to the burden of the bier. He walks along, his great silver watch in his hand, and at intervals—the exact length settled by his judgment of the varying conditions, such as the roughness or steepness of the road, the heat of the day and the like points—he waves his staff above his head. Instantly obedient to this signal, the front rank drops out, two on each side, and stands still while the procession of men moves past them. As the bier approaches they step forward, and the load is transferred with wonderful dexterity, the one party slipping out and the other slipping in so swiftly and surely that the march is not delayed an instant. Nor is the bier lowered for a moment. Shoulder-high the dead are borne out

of their homes, and shoulder-high they remain until the bier is set down before the altar in the little church. The relieved party step forward and form the rear rank of the men. Thus the front line is continually falling out and the rear is continually forging forward until it is the turn of the latter to step aside once more, and the result is perfect equality in the distribution of the work.

It will be seen that the large concourse is absolutely inseparable from this kind of a funeral. Often the burden has to be carried for miles over rough country and by the rudest of roads, and the members of a small body of men would be called upon too often. The idea of a hearse, or a substitute for a hearse, is regarded with the keenest repugnance. In their opinion it is so cold, so heartless a way of conveying a dead friend to his grave; and to carry out their beloved custom they will support unmurmuringly a high degree of discomfort and inconvenience. I have seen a bier patiently borne mile after mile at midday when the mountain was a-shimmer under the sultriest blaze of a July sun. I have seen eight or ten men wrestling fiercely to keep their footing and hold up their precious burden on a precipitous slope coated with ice, utterly impassable under such a load, had not the great square nails in their heavy boots given them some sort of grip. I have known a journey of six miles made to a distant churchyard over the hills, and every inch of it, save the first quarter-mile, done at the usual snail's pace under a hissing downpour, which speedily reduced the clothes of the procession to mere sops of cloth upon their bodies.

To the on-looker from a distance, especially if he be on some adjacent height, the long, dark train looks wonderfully picturesque as it winds slowly by narrow road and open mountain towards the churchyard. Nowadays

the march is made without pause. An old custom, now disused, checked the march at every place where roads crossed, and a prayer was offered up. It is said that this had reference to the ancient custom of burying evil-doers at such points, a practice which resembled the old English custom with suicides. It was believed that the spirits of these evil-folk haunted the spot where their bodies had been laid, but the prayer offered up saved the departed from becoming their prey.

Sometimes on the march the people sing, and the effect is often fine beyond description. I remember a few years ago, attending a funeral, perhaps the largest in my experience, when I heard some of the noblest singing I have ever listened to in my life. There were circumstances of sad and special interest in connection with the occasion, and a concourse, great for so thinly inhabited a countryside, had come together. Horse and foot, full five hundred, preceded or followed the bier that day. It was very hot, and to escape the dust I had walked ahead a little at one point where a very steep hill stood up like a wall across the country. The road mounted it directly, and at the top I turned to look over the funeral train in the valley below. The advance guard was almost at the foot of the ascent, while the horses were still filing round a distant bend where the road disappeared. Midway the uncovered coffin of polished oak glittering in the sun was the only point of light along the far-extended sable line. From this height and distance it had the appearance of a little boat borne smoothly forward on the dark wave which flowed beneath and around it. Of a sudden the men in front began to sing. They sang, of course, "O fryniau Caersalem," and the fine old verse was never more nobly rendered. The parts for the various voices were taken up with the utmost

precision, and the stately harmonies, exquisite at once in their lofty melancholy, their tender beauty and the deep sadness which was breathed into every note, rang back from cliff and woody scaur with a thousand echoes as if hill and valley recalled the strain—as well they might—and chanted it back to the chanting train. Faintly at times one caught the high sweet notes of the women in the distance. As in "The Princess":—

"And the women sang
Between the rougher voices of the men
Like linnets in the pauses of the wind."

But for the most part the rich, sonorous voices of the men filled the valley and rolled up the hillside in a massy billow of full and sustained harmony. From "O frynlau" they passed to "Bydd myrdd," another air compact of most admirable effects and as finely rendered. Heard amid alien scenes this music is striking in a high degree, but only amid such a setting and on such an occasion as this can its last drop of sweetness be drained. The wild, walling note of some of the airs sung on these marches are in such keeping with the mournful beauty of the gray, desolate mountains, that it is easy to see how among like scenes they must have crept into the heart of the first singer—often a long-forgotten singer of a far-off day, for many of the airs are traditional and of great antiquity.

When the funeral procession reaches the church the majority stretch themselves on the grass, if the day be fine, to rest after their journey, for the tiny building will hold but part of the array. The service concluded, the coffin is carried to the grave, where it is lowered and the final prayers are read. It is the invariable custom to fill in the grave while the relatives remain about it, backed by the thick-standing crowd,

before, indeed, any one goes away. A bundle of the queer, long-handled shovels they use is fetched from behind a tombstone near at hand, where they have been stowed in readiness; three or four seize them and the filling-in goes steadily forward. This final touch often deeply affects the easily-moved Celtic throng, so keenly alive to sentiment, so quick to feel, so prone to weeping. Death strikes with a deeper, sharper bolt among these solitudes than in busier places. Where but few are to be found a familiar figure is the more keenly missed. Age after age, generation after generation, the people have married and intermarried until, within a little, every one is related to every one else, and the mountain is inhabited by one great family. The loss is personal to a degree unknown in busy towns where people look on each other with cold and careless eyes. And as the clods and stones fall with hollow rattle and dull, sullen blows into the open grave, often a song of farewell is raised, the strain breathing such feeling and passion as to produce an effect inexpressibly striking and affecting. When the last spadeful has been thrown on the mound, the assembly begins slowly to melt away, striking to every point of the compass, and the funeral is over.

There is the fine simplicity of immemorial custom about this rite. Through the dim mist of tradition nothing is seen more clearly than the meeting of the people to march in solemn procession with their dead, whether a hero was borne to the hill-top to be laid under a mighty cairn, or one of humbler rank was buried in the valley below. So did the old Welsh carry the ashes of their departed to place under the ancient barrows found on many an English hillside, and so do their descendants to this day on the Little Mountain.

ASIATIC COURAGE.

Among the many ideas which mislead Europeans in dealing with Asiatics, few are more inveterate than the belief that they are generally wanting in courage. They are not exactly considered cowards, that would be too absurd, but their courage is held to be, in some way, of an inferior quality. They can never, it is supposed, face Europeans, however inferior in numbers, and never succeed against them unless under the inspiration of some religious emotion, which is then denounced as "fanaticism." An exception is sometimes made in favor of the Turk, who, when not an officer, is considered a manly fellow, but the remaining inhabitants of a continent which contains considerably more than half the human race are classed together as rather feeble folk, who, if the white soldiers will only advance, are sure to run away from want of pluck. Arabs or Tartars, Persians or Chinese, they are all lumped together, and all believed to be, as Pyrrhus said, the womankind of humanity. That description is true enough in some ways; but it is not true as regards the possession of individual bravery. There is one race in Asia—the Bengalee—which openly acknowledges that it has not the heart to fight, though when in expectation of any form of non-contentious death it is more serene than the European; but the immense majority of the remaining seven hundred millions are personally brave men. We do not say they are quite equal to Englishmen or to Germans, or to the picked soldiers of any European country, but they are equal to any Southerners, or to the average militia of any land. The Asiatic Turk is a born soldier, usually quite devoid of nervous-

ness as well as of fear, and the Arab, though much more sensitive, and therefore more liable to panic, is, at least, as careless of death or physical pain. He has never, that we recollect in modern times, fought with Europeans in Asia, but his half-brother, the Soudanese, has extorted respect even from disrespectful "Tommy." An army of Dervishes led by English officers would, it is acknowledged, face most armies with success. The Persian is a laughing soldier, very like a Frenchman, who has done in quite recent times heroic deeds, and who avoids battle, when he avoids it, rather from a sort of selfishness than from fear. The Indians, Bengalees, and some classes of Madrassees excepted, are quite singularly free from cowardice. That is acknowledged when the Indian is the Sikh or the Ghoorka, or in a less degree any variety of drilled man, but it is true also of the undrilled. The ambulance man and the kind of camp follower of whom Rudyard Kipling writes as "Gunga Din"—a nearly impossible name, by the way—is taken almost haphazard from the population, and faces the shot quite as coolly as the average European, while if the shot overtakes him and his hour arrives he is less complaining. The Indo-Chinese are not soldiers, and as a rule have not the soldierly instincts, but the Burmese "dacoits," that is, "klephts," half-patriots, half-brigands, who so grievously worried us during the first four years of the conquest, constantly died like heroes, while the Roman Catholic converts of Annam accepted martyrdom in thousands with the tranquil constancy of the early Christians. They were only asked for the most part to destroy their temples, give up their pas-

tors and be quiet, and they accepted death in preference. Of the Siamese we know little except that they fought their way to empire; but Chinese have contended with each other like heroes, the Mahomedan Chinese having faced extermination, and the Taepings, who were undrilled, having died in scores of thousands while battling with their drilled fellow-countrymen under Gordon. To the coolness with which the Chinese meet death all observers bear witness, while their kinsfolk, the Tartars, overran the world, and fought like heroes, though well aware that a wounded man had little chance except of death by torture or starvation. That great difference between their position when fighting and that of Europeans is common to all Asiatics, and has never been allowed for. Their armies are unaccompanied by hospitals. There is, moreover, one admitted fact which certainly makes heavily against the charge of cowardice. European officers will take Asiatics of almost any kind, and by a few months of drill and training in arms will make of them good regiments, equal most of them, though they have not the incentive of patriotism, or any tradition of honor, to battle on fair terms with Europeans. Drill is a grand education, but you cannot educate a coward into valor.

Why, then, are they so often, we might almost say so invariably beaten by Europeans? There are many reasons. One very little noticed is the inferiority of their weapons, of which, being nervous and suspicious men not made oblivious by drink, they are sensitively aware. Hardly any troops will face artillery when without artillery themselves, and Austrian soldiers who are as brave as any in the world, positively refused after a short experience to encounter the needle-gun while armed only with the musket. It is a little unfair to expect of Asiatics more

heroism than theirs, or to require them to die in heaps when victory is impossible. Another reason is that we judge them too exclusively by their conduct when opposed to Europeans, of whom they have an instinctive awe, not derived from physical fear at all, but as patent in civil life as on the field. The only Asiatics quite free of this feeling are the Arabs, and if we ever meet them in the field on equal terms we shall be surprised at the magnitude of the death-list. They know, too, their own inferiority in war considered as a science, and expect to be beaten by an intelligence they scarcely understand. But the grand reason—we write this on the evidence of great experts—is want of confidence in their leaders, in their ability, in their fidelity, in their care for them. They recognize with the keenest insight that selfishness of the prosperous which they know to be latent in themselves, and at the first check expect desertion, or betrayal, or neglect. So in certain moods do Frenchmen, Spaniards, or Italians, who, like all Asiatics, are liable to be the dupes of wild imaginings such as the Northerner is too stolid to entertain. That is the reason why in an Asiatic army the death of the King or the Commander-in-Chief is so invariably fatal. He, and he alone, must, his followers think, desire victory, and he once gone authority ends, the officer having none except as derived from him, and the soldiers become a mob of individuals, each intent, not so much on his own safety, as on abandoning that particular and hopeless transaction. Add that, except the Chinaman, no Asiatic is without the belief that defeat reveals the will of the gods, and we shall understand why he will not, or at any rate does not, stand up under military adversity like his rival, and why the effect of a lost pitched battle spreads so suddenly and so far, so that occasionally a whole country submits when

less than ten thousand have been killed. It is not physical fear which moves them, but the influence of an imagination always far stronger in an Asiatic than a European, and almost always pessimistic.

But we shall be asked, if the Asiatic as a result of the feelings stated readily runs away, is he not as a man governed by those feelings the equivalent of a coward? Not exactly. There is always the chance of something, be it religious emotion, be it an emotion of pride, be it confidence in a leader or dread of him, or be it much experience of victory, mastering his distrust alike in himself and his officers, and then he becomes in all but science a dangerous fighting man. If he thinks it worth while to go forward he is not afraid either of death or wounds, and occasionally he will go forward in the way which surprised, and indeed appalled, the French in their fight with Chinese "pirates" on the border of Tonquin. We all concede that European training

The Spectator.

makes them brave, but there have been Asiatic leaders whose genius or whose cruelty has had all the effect of training. Chaka, the Zulu organizer of armies, was no better obeyed than Jenghiz Khan, and in times nearer our own Hyder Ali and the Mahratta founders of dynasties made heroes of their horsemen. It is the possibility of this sudden change, this precipitation of the something which makes Asiatic courage feeble, that renders every insurrection so formidable, and compels all who would hold dominion in Asia to keep the sword perpetually unsheathed. If something, be it hate of the foreigner, or dread of the Empress, or terror of the powers above, induces the Chinaman to fight, he has no physical fear to stop him. Kill a third of the Wei-hai-wei regiment with bullets, and it will still roll forward, and the impulse which drill has given to its recruits may come from one of many other sources.

SONNET.

As mist along the verdant valley steals,
 And veils the view of fertile fields from sight—
 As gathering dark the moon's soft ray conceals,
 And distant stars are lost in shades of night—
 As silent streams lie deep beneath the hill,
 Nor storms nor summer suns can set them free—
 As seed in earth lies buried cold and still—
 As buds unclose when there are none to see—
 So in the heart lie hidden, fold on fold,
 Thoughts deep and sweet, but never breathed—untold
 Even to those its pulses hold most dear.
 The depths are never sounded—none may know
 What hoards of treasure moulder there below;
 The doors are closed—gates barred—as if in fear.

The Argosy.

C. E. Mectkerk.

A NOVELIST OF THE UNKNOWN.*

Everyone knows that Mr. Wells, as a novelist, has two fields of vision. Broadly speaking, one is stellar, the other mundane. In the one he looks for big things that may be, in the other for little things that are. He must be a singular reader who is not struck by the divergencies of power which have given us the Time Machine and Mr. Hoopdriver's bicycle; which have shown us the Martians devastating London, and Mr. Lewisham devastated by love. Yet we would remark that the distance between these two fields is more than obviously great. For whenever Mr. Wells returns—we had almost written "homeward plods his weary way" from Mars, or from the forward abysses of Time, to this dull little nineteenth-century Earth, he straightway throws off the trappings of distances and æons and sits down to delect suburban matters. His gestures no longer connote measureless ether, or a fifth sense. He does not even call the nations into his study, like Mr. Kipling, or desire, with Stevenson, to dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea and be the Ariel of Literature. Unspoiled by the influences of the Pleiades, he dissects the mind of a Kensington draper's assistant; unblinded by visions of Science in her glory, he tells us how a student jilted science for a poor girl in Clapham.

Now there is one description which applies to Mr. Wells in both these characters. To discover it would be something of a feat if it were anything

more than this: that in both he is breaking fresh ground, in both he is an explorer. Not in Mars and not in Clapham has he stepped in another man's tracks. Hoopdriver, with his pins and aspirations, was as much to seek, really, as Graham and his flying machine. So far, then, Mr. Wells is revealed as the most enterprising of novelists, exploiting a planet and a draper's shop as calmly as Cinquevalli tosses a cannon ball with a pen. But the simile—like every simile—calls for correction. There are profound literary differences to be named and considered. We deny in toto (to use a loved phrase of Smithers in "Love and Mr. Lewisham") that Mr. Wells's stellar novels are to be compared with his mundane novels. That seems a strong view, but it is our view. We hear an opponent blurt: "Consider the imagination of 'The War of Worlds.'" But the word "imagination" does not satisfy us here. Four-fifths of what passes for "imagination" in Mr. Wells's scientific novels is not essential imagination; it is rather the skilful—the absolutely daring and decorative—use of science. It is science in purple; science producing her "effects"—the glory and smoke of the "experiment"; science rehearsing what she will be. When Mr. Wells appears to be soaring, he is really only calculating generously; when he seems to be creating, he is only playing behind the professor's back; and the ladder by which he climbs, immeasurately aerial though it seems, is an extension ladder taken from the laboratory cupboard. Science, taking the bit between her teeth, can run gloriously amok among the principalities and powers; but the Phaeton who gives her

* The Time Machine. By H. G. Wells. (1895.)
The War of the Worlds. By H. G. Wells (1898.)

The Wheels of Chance: A Holiday Adventure. By H. G. Wells. (1896.)

Love and Mr. Lewisham. By H. G. Wells. (Harper, 1900.)

her head is not exercising his imagination—he is merely having a lark. We have a deeper objection to scientific novels. It is that their subject-matter is outside literature, and is, indeed, as noxious to literature as we feel that spiritualism is to life. We have the strongest conviction that scientific anticipations of the future of man and of the universe, even when, like Mr. Wells's, they are brilliantly conceived, have no more to do with the art of the novel than "The Battle of Dorking."

These our troubles pass like a summer cloud when we turn to Mr. Wells's two novels of human life, "The Wheels of Chance" (1898) and his new novel, "Love and Mr. Lewisham." Here Mr. Wells is doing really fine work, and we use the word in a sense far beyond clever. To call such novels as these "clever" is the first infirmity of ignoble critics. Clever they are; and, if one must dabble in the word, we are prepared to rant with Laertes, and pile Pellons of proof on Ossas of assertion that Mr. Wells is clever. But we dislike the word, and we resent its application to a fine novelist. "Clever" in dealing with flesh and blood! Clever in tracing tears to their springs in the human heart! Clever in justifying the ways of God to men or men to God! No. The great novelists cannot be thought of as clever. They are sagacious, charitable, wise, and tender. Was Scott clever, or Cervantes, or Sterne, or Dickens? No one would use so base a word. It is just a suspicion of cleverness which causes a few minds to see an everlasting ghostly mark of interrogation at the end of every proclamation of the genius of Thackeray. It is precisely because we see in Mr. Wells those greater things—the sympathy of one who knows and the big hand of one who loves—that we feel eager about his work. If the analysis of the mind of Hoopdriver, the Kensington draper's-assistant who longed for gen-

tility, who cajoled and lied and blundered toward higher things, was clever, then assuredly it was a higher quality that saved "The Wheels of Chance" from being one long humorous butchery of Hoopdriver. It is indeed alive with humor, and Hoopdriver is not spared a single shaft of ridicule that a good man may give or take. But there is one thing that Mr. Wells never does, or allows his reader to do, and that is to doubt the essential manhood, dignity, and native sweetness of the man who cannot help sticking pins in his lapels. You have the queerest feelings of regret as you see Hoopdriver's back disappear with his bicycle into the stable yard attached to Messrs. Antrobus's emporium in Kensington—his holiday, his dream of culture, his worship of a beautiful girl, all to be settled and adjusted in the intervals of "Hoopdriver, Forward!"

In "Love and Mr. Lewisham" Mr. Wells's qualities appear to even greater advantage. For one thing, this novel is a higher organism than "The Wheels of Chance." In "The Wheels of Chance" the incidents of a bicycle chase through several counties supply a kind of material or mechanical interest—the easy interest of every chase. The analysis of character triumphs, but somewhat by emergence. In "Love and Mr. Lewisham" character is all; Mr. Wells is doing his best work all along. We are not going to describe the story in any detail. When we meet Mr. Lewisham he is a very young master—in fact, eighteen—at Whortley's Proprietary School, Whortley, Sussex. There he "hears his years before him, all the tumult of his life"; sees it every morning as his head comes through his shirt, and his eyes fall on the magnificent *schema* of study which he has pinned on the bedroom wall of his humble lodging.

Chance-wise he meets Ethel Hen-

derson, and the pretty fools steal walks and talks and plight their love and Mr. Lewisham is dismissed the school with his character (in the Proprietary School sense) considerably damaged. In London he toils at the Kensington Normal Science School; toils manfully, little embarrassed by memories of Ethel, who has vanished into Clapham. The Career flourishes. It enlists a supporter, too, in a fellow-student, Miss Heydinger, a girl of the period, who encourages him to wear the red ties of Socialism. Laboratory work, examinations, and glowing talks in the Gallery of Old Iron at the Museum with his Egeria. But Ethel is to come again into his life, and she does it, so to speak, with a vengeance. More naturally than it sounds, he meets her in a darkened room, at a spiritualistic *séance*, whither he has gone in laughing scepticism with some fellow-students; meets her, too, as the docile accomplice of her step-father, Mr. Chaffery, in a despicable imposture. Her helplessness and her beauty and the old Whortley days are too much for his common sense and strength of will. And when he finds that Ethel is innocent at heart, though not quite in conscience, it is enough; he loves her, will save her. There are wonderful walks to Clapham, dwindling honors at school, tears and dismays in Miss Heydinger's bosom, and remorse (about the Career) which cannot be uttered. At times he sees all things with deadly clearness:

He suddenly perceived with absolute conviction that after the *séance* he should have gone home and forgotten her. Why had he felt that irresistible impulse to seek her out? Why had his imagination spun such a strange web of impossibilities about her? He was involved now, foolishly involved. All his future was a sacrifice to this transitory ghost of love making in the streets.

Transitory ghost it should have been, but it was not. Marry the step-daughter of a Chaffery, a quack, a blasphemer of science! Marry on a legacy of one hundred pounds! A pretty pitiful marriage, full of its own mad sweetness. For she was sweet, was Ethel, and for a time her wifehood could hold its own against the Career. It was the bills and the price of coal that brought complete revelation; these, and the reproaches of Miss Heydinger, and the blankness of his scholastic prospects. The revulsion, the rebellion, the final solution—need we speak of them? Lewisham is submissive to Love, and passes with resolute resignation into the obscurity of a small home, parentage, and Clapham. The child is coming, and this—yes *this*—is life; the other was just vanity; at any rate, it is over, quite over. The *schema* that had long lined a trunk is torn up without a single pang—in the stillness of thought.

That is the theme, and it is worked out with a searching analysis that would be merciless if it were not, in fact, so very merciful. We have need of such themes. Modern fiction will be regenerated by these faithful seizures of neglected types. It has great work to do in floating little men (who are not little) and narrow lives (which yet globe all life) into our ken. Dickens did it by caricature, by an emphasis necessary in his day. But it has yet to be done in the noble manner; and it is much that for Mr. Horatio Sparkins we have now Mr. Hoopdriver. Let Mr. Wells travel this road. These two novels may be masterpieces or not (we should be the last to deny it); but we are certain that their production tends to create the atmosphere in which masterpieces are born. Our own faith in his future is immovable, and we know not how we can pay him a less formal compliment than by saying that when we closed "Love and Mr. Lewisham,"

full of gratitude and stimulations, we involuntarily groped for a definition of good novel writing which might celebrate our mood. And groping, we found one which, with all its defects and *bizarrierie*, seems to sweep into its net every writer in whom is greatness,

The Academy.

or the seed of greatness; a definition adapted from Coleridge:

He writeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the great God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT.

I. — CENTRAL.

The constitution of the Chinese Government can, perhaps, best be understood by a short reference to its origin. Two hundred and sixty years ago the Manchu dynasty came to the Throne at the head of a conquering army composed mainly of Manchu troops, but including also certain corps of Chinese and Mongolian origin. The victorious army, divided into eight Banners, was permanently quartered in and around Peking and converted into an hereditary force for the support of the Throne, minor detachments being settled at Canton, Nanking and other large cities as permanent garrisons to overawe the native population. The chiefs of the army were created princes, dukes and so on, and their commands were made hereditary in their respective families.

The machinery of government left by the outgoing Ming dynasty was, speaking generally, taken over *en bloc*. The six boards between which the administrative business of the nation was divided were retained, but the higher offices, such as president and vice-president, were duplicated by the addition of a Manchu colleague to each Chinese official, and so it has continued to this day. The principal change was in the constitution of the advisory council of the sovereign. Under the Mings this

had been purely a civilian body termed the Grand Secretariat. The latter was not formally abolished, but all business was transferred to a much smaller body termed the Chun Chi Chu, or military council. This body, which was originally, as its name implies, the war council of the Manchu army, is still the Grand Council of the Emperor, and though no longer exclusively military it keeps in touch with the Manchu force and can set the troops in motion. The Manchu soldier is not what he was 250 years ago, nevertheless an armed force of 75,000 men, the estimated number of the Manchu troops, counts for something, and is a ready weapon in the hands of the council.

As are all Eastern monarchies, the Chinese Government is essentially despotic. In theory everything hinges on the personality of the Emperor. His will is absolute, not merely in affairs of State, but in the smallest details of private life. The highest form of legislation is an imperial decree whether promulgated in general terms, or conveying orders on a particular point, in all matters judicial, administrative or executive. The persons and property of all his subjects are at his disposal, and he can behead, imprison, or confiscate without form of trial or reason assigned. In ordinary circumstances

the rule is lenient enough and conducted according to recognized forms, but when occasion arises the Government does not scruple to use its despotic power to the utmost. But although the constitution provides no checks on the arbitrary will of the Emperor, his power is circumscribed in practice by the necessity of finding capable and willing agents to carry out his decrees. The part that the Emperor personally plays in the matter depends on his character. A strong Emperor can be in fact as well as in theory absolutely despotic. A weak Emperor is simply a tool in the hands of those who are strong enough and united enough to seize his power and wield it. The power of the sword is, in either case the instrument by which decrees and orders are enforced, and the limitation of authority is the extent to which it may be used without provoking a successful rebellion.

After the Emperor himself the functions of government vest in the grand council of which we have already spoken. The number of this council is undetermined, but usually does not exceed five or six. They are nominated by the sovereign and can be changed at his pleasure or, if the Emperor is a nonentity, they nominate one another. The members are selected from the highest officers of State and include both Manchus and Chinese. In recent years one or more of the princes of the blood have always been included, who are, at the same time, commanders-in-chief of some of the Banner forces. It is this small group which wields the real authority of government. All business is transacted in secret and in ordinary circumstances in the presence of the sovereign. Decrees and orders are issued in his name and directed either to the executive boards in Peking or direct to the provincial authorities. The Emperor is not constitutionally bound to consult his council, but in practice

he cannot dispense with their assistance or act in contravention to their wishes. As an instance of what would happen in the latter event we may refer to the coup d'état of 1898. The Emperor, as he was entitled to do, called into his counsel others than the members of his advisory board, notably the reformer Kang Yu Wei and Chang Yin Hwan, then a member of the Tsung-li-Yamen. On their advice he began to issue a series of reform decrees, which were not approved of by the grand council and probably had never been submitted to them. Constitutionally, the decrees were valid and became law and there was no way of stopping them except by physical force. Had the Empress Dowager not been there, assassination would probably have been the only remedy, but her presence enabled a middle course to be steered, and the Emperor was required to invite her to assist in carrying on the Government. As the council had 50,000 troops on whom they could rely while the Emperor had none, discussion was not possible. By a fiction he continued to govern, but the despotic power of the Crown passed into the hands of the Empress Dowager and her clique.

Next to the grand council the department with which we are most concerned is the Tsung-li-Yamen, which many people take to be synonymous with the Chinese Government. It is, however, a body of quite recent creation. Prior to the war of 1860 there was no foreign department at Peking. Foreign affairs were transacted by the Viceroy of Canton and only reached Peking as filtered through his despatches. After the war and the establishment of the Foreign Legations something more was needed and a board was then created to deal with foreign questions. At first the men appointed to it were of no great standing except Prince Kung, who ably pre-

sided over it for many years. It was regarded as, and was probably intended to be, a sort of buffer between the foreign ministers and the real Government, a body to receive the hard knocks and transmit them in a modified form to those who held the power. Its function never was to facilitate business, but only to stave off importunate demands as long as possible, and when things became too importunate to yield the minimum that would keep the peace. Latterly it has included among its members officials who also belonged to the grand council, and to that extent its authority has been strengthened, but even so, it has no independent power, everything it may agree to being subject to the approval of the Emperor and grand council. The other departments of the central government, comprising six principal boards and several ministries of State, fulfil a two-fold office of tendering advice to the sovereign and carrying on the administrative work of the country. It will be noticed that nowhere is there anything in the nature of popular representation. The constitution, however, endeavors to provide a sort of substitute in the Censorate, which deserves a word or two. The censors are a paid body of public servants whose duty it is to keep the Emperor informed of anything that may be transpiring in any part of his dominions, and in particular to keep an eye on malfeasance or oppression on

The Saturday Review.

the part of his officers. In some respects they may be compared to tribunes of the people who are expected to stand up for the popular cause against the officials. But however excellent the theory may have been, in practice the Censorate has become simply a huge blackmailing office. Its function being to denounce officials, if any one wants to ruin another he has only to trump up a story, bribe a censor and the thing is done. Or, as villainy is usually double-dyed, private notice will be given to the accused that the blow may be averted by a bigger bribe on his side. There is no court to which a man thus wronged can appeal for justice and, however clean-handed he may be, it is usually wisdom for him to submit and pay the squeeze demanded.

No provision is made for fresh legislation as such. The penal code which is the only body of statutory law in existence is supposed to contain enactments to meet every possible case, but if by chance some difficulty occurs for which there is no precedent it is referred to the Board concerned, which, in turn, reports to the Throne. A decree or rescript is thereupon issued which settles the case. Periodically the code is revised, and these various decrees are consolidated or incorporated and become part of the statute law.